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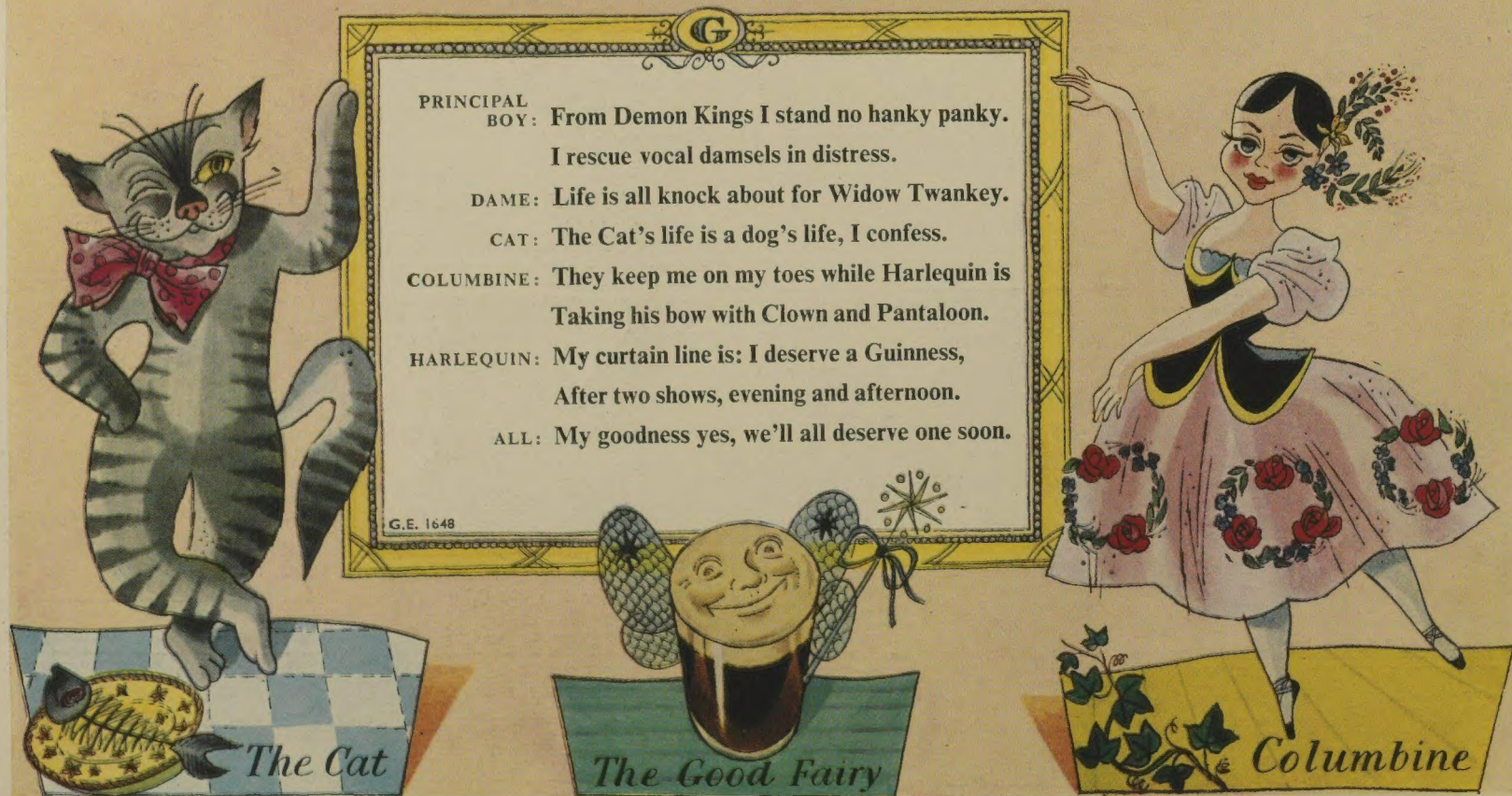
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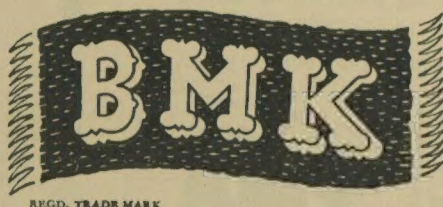
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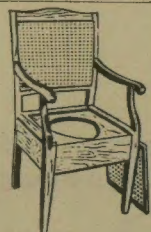


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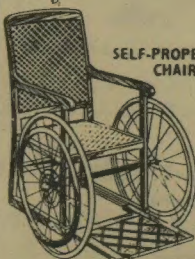
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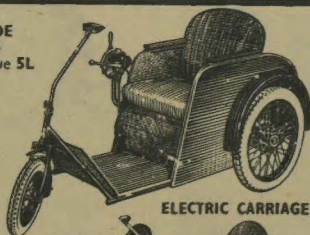
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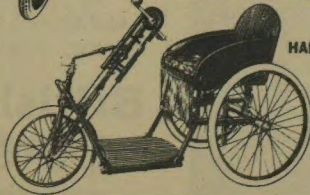
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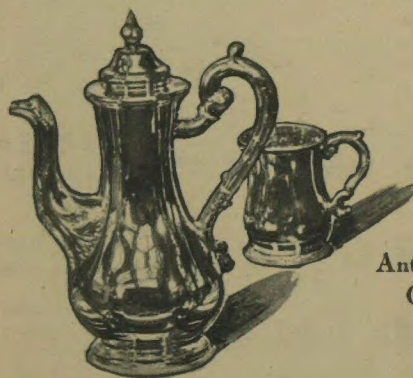
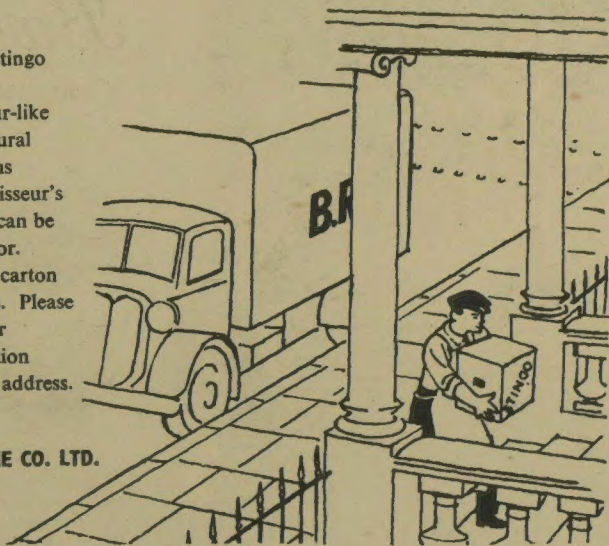
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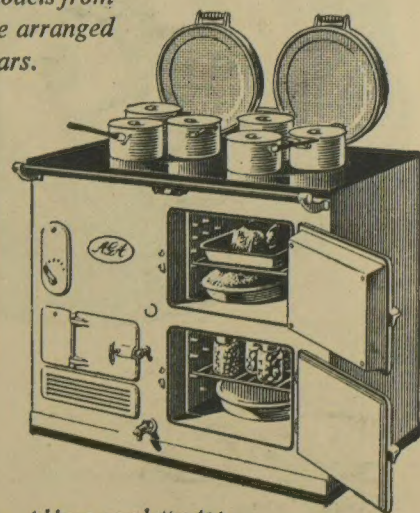
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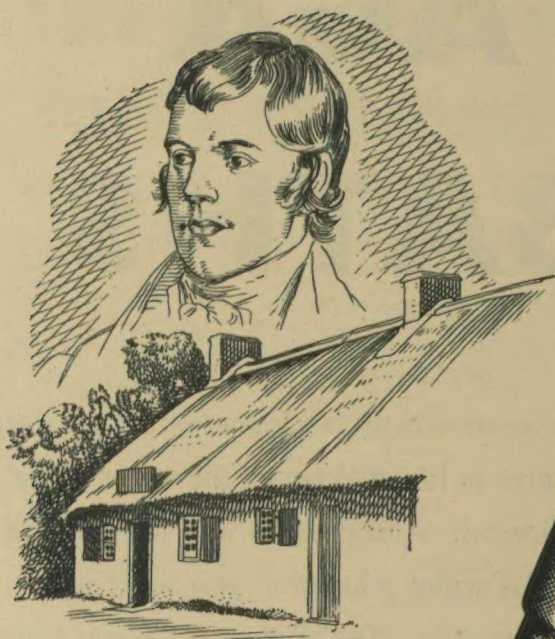
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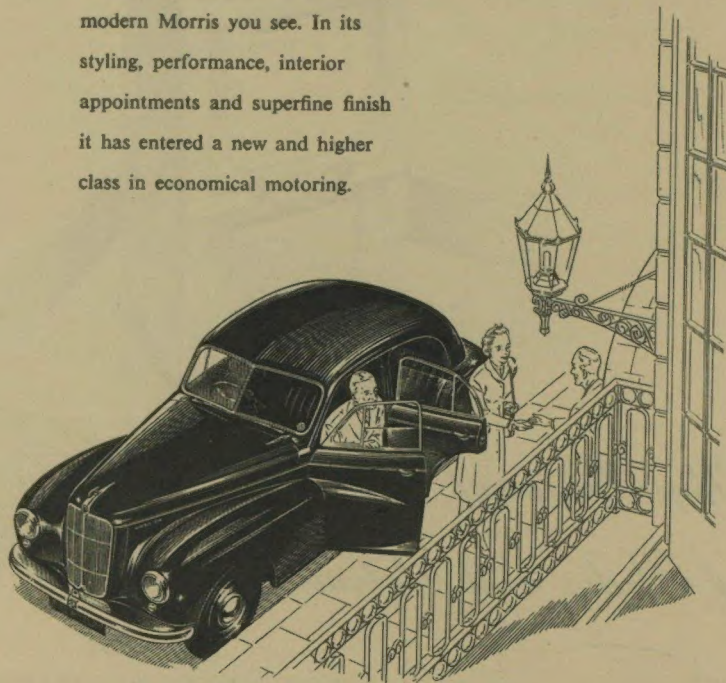
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1951.



**A SWISS AVALANCHE WHICH IMPRISONED A TRAIN: ONE OF THE BLOCKED ENDS OF A TUNNEL ON THE CHUR-AROSA LINE, WITH MEN AT WORK CLEARING IT.**

During the week-end of January 20-22, the Swiss and Italian Alps and the Austrian ranges suffered disastrous avalanches caused by a sudden rise in temperature after heavy snowfalls. The avalanches were followed by blizzards. The death-roll on January 22 in the three countries was over 100. Our photograph illustrates a remarkable episode which, happily did not entail any casualties. A train on the Chur-Arosa line on the night of January 20 was

halted in a tunnel, both ends of which had been blocked by avalanches as it was speeding through, and it stopped with only yards to spare. Some passengers dug a way out and reached a nearby village, but a number of travellers, including twenty-five women and children, passed the night in the train. Our photograph shows one end of the tunnel, completely blocked, and men digging out snow and rubble and carting it away.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

MAN is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. Of modern man this may seem particularly true, though I doubt if any historian could point to a period in the human past with which he is acquainted of which it was not true also. If the risk of being liquidated by an atom bomb is greater to-day, the risk of dying of smallpox or of losing one's all through fire or a bank failure, or of even starving, was greater in the past. And even when trouble is lacking, man can be counted upon to supply its place by worrying.

Still, I must admit that we seem to be facing a more than usually large share of troubles at the present time. After two particularly revolting world wars in the last forty years, a cynic might maintain, with some show of reason, that we in this devoted and almost over-patient country are now helplessly awaiting a third and worse one. Our peacetime taxes are almost as high as they were at the peak of the war, and are now, we are told, to be higher. Our ration of some of the more essential foods, like meat, is lower than it has been, I fancy, at any time in our history. We are even threatened in the dead of winter with another fuel crisis as bad, if the weather should become severe, as that which rendered us so cold, blue-nosed and futile three years ago. Worse than these, the same cynic might contend, our liberties are persistently being whittled away by well-meaning but unimaginative, often ill-mannered and almost invariably encroaching bureaucrats, whose conception of human society appears to be that of a fifth-rate and rather ill-found preparatory school! And from these evils those whom we elect to rule over us seem completely incapable of rescuing us, or even of wanting to do so.

Such charges would not be fair. There is another side to the picture. I recently had occasion to travel twice in one day through a particularly depressing part of South-East London well known to me in the past. Two things struck me forcibly. On my way to my destination, travelling in daylight, I did not see, in all those poor, drab, still bomb-scarred streets, a single man, woman or child who was not adequately and, indeed, well shod. Returning the same evening when the shops were lit up—it was just before Christmas—I was astonished and delighted by the brilliant display of Christmas fare and presents in the dingy little shops in all the main thoroughfares. They struck me, though I may have been wrong in this, as being nearer the pre-war standard of Christmas display than that of the West End shops. They showed that for many, and particularly for those who were unjustly poor and pinched in the past, there were great compensations in the present. It would have required a very Scrooge-like person who, confronted by such evidences of popular well-being in these drab streets, did not rejoice at the sight. They seemed, even to a professional man, to do much to justify a system which takes from him year after year the bulk of what he earns and renders any provision for old age or retirement virtually impossible.

In other words, those who have ruled Britain since the war have not been unsuccessful in one of the things—and a not ignoble thing—they set out to do: to ameliorate the lot of those whose lot stood most in need of amelioration. But if in certain important respects they have been successful, in others they have apparently been almost consistently unsuccessful, though in such a matter "consistent" seems a strange word to apply to their policies. For what could be more inconsistent than the way in which in the course of five short years we have completely denuded

ourselves of an immense military, naval and aerial strength only to endeavour at the end of it—and without a word of apology from those who lead us for such contradictory folly—to undo, with a break-neck and almost suicidal financial recklessness, the damage done. And this after living through and witnessing two decades in which exactly the same folly had been perpetrated—though on a smaller and less extravagant scale—and through a world war in which millions of lives had been needlessly lost as the direct consequence of such folly. What conceivable excuse can be given by those who have thus marched

intentions and methods are as obvious and unmistakable as those of the late Adolf Hitler, and have always been so. They intend—out of, by their own standards, the loftiest motives—to change the world, and by every available means, regardless of our old-fashioned notions of morality. To object to the world being so changed by them while simultaneously disarming was a proceeding so nonsensical that, after the object-lesson of the 'thirties, one would not have supposed it to have been possible anywhere outside an asylum. Yet it has formed the basis of this country's official policy for the past five years. No wonder the

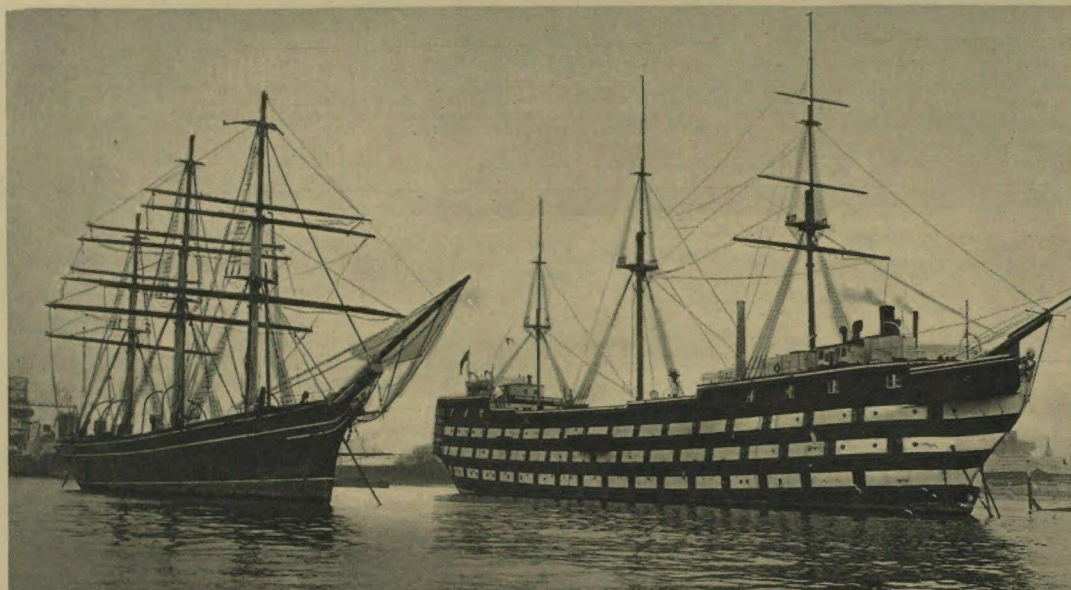
Russian leaders have flouted us! No wonder that they have treated our proffered friendship lightly! For what must they, who rate intelligence and realism so highly, have thought of our capacity for intelligence and realism?

Yet it is not fair to lay all the blame on our rulers, though they certainly deserve some of it. In a democracy politicians are like courtiers in the Court of an absolute monarch; they cannot avoid dancing to the tune of their master's whims and prejudices. Their chief fault has been that, not caring to risk their places by contradicting us or lacking the skill and training to do so, they have not tried hard enough to wean us from our folly. Democracy is a difficult master to serve: an even more difficult one than a dictator or absolute monarch. It is just as, or even more, powerful; it can be just as, or even more, foolish, irrational and

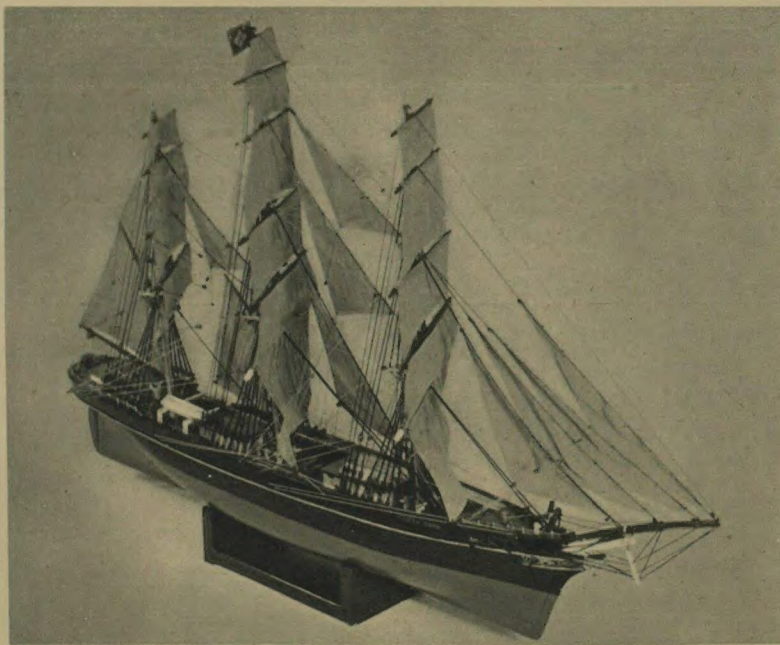
prejudiced. The art of leadership in a nation which has adopted universal suffrage is a very difficult one, and I doubt if anyone in the modern world has yet wholly mastered it. Certainly the rulers of an even mightier democracy than ours have not done so, for the contradictions in American policy during the past twelve years have been even more exaggerated than those of our own. In 1939 and 1940 the United States nearly lost the war by washing its hands of an anguished European democracy and, in a "more righteous than thou" gesture, letting Britain, her only certain ally, bankrupt herself by selling her last savings and overseas investments at a hopeless loss to finance her single-handed stand against an all-devouring Axis. Only when Britain had fatally crippled herself for a generation to come did the United States throw herself with all her immense energy and generosity, first into the task of winning the war, and then into that of trying, at a prodigious price, to resuscitate the Western European economies which she had so improvidently allowed to be destroyed piecemeal during her suicidal neutrality. And having made herself at so great a cost and sacrifice immensely strong, she proceeded, even faster and more rashly than Britain, to divest herself of arms and to invite an armed and militant Communism—so soon to become her principal fear and bugbear—into the heart of the free world. And the leaders of this great but apparently infatuated nation boasted that they were hard-headed business men, just as the leaders of Britain boasted that they were planners!

The truth, I suppose, of all this is that all human beings are fools, and that our folly is just as noticeable when we act in the aggregate as when we act as individuals, indeed more so. Neither consistency nor wisdom can be expected from us, and we live, as a consequence, in a world of troubles largely of our own making. Our virtues—and it is a comfort to remember these—only become apparent when we are called upon to endure and overcome the difficulties we ourselves have made.

#### "CUTTY SARK"—A HISTORIC SHIP AND A FINE MODEL.



THE LAST OF THE FAMOUS TEA CLIPPERS, CUTTY SARK (LEFT), LYING ALONGSIDE THE TRAINING-SHIP WORCESTER AT GREENWICH. THE QUESTION OF CUTTY SARK'S PRESERVATION FOR THE NATION IS UNDER CONSIDERATION.



A MODEL OF CUTTY SARK, FULLY RIGGED TO THE SKY-SAIL YARD, WHICH HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM BY MR. JAMES CULHANE, OF NEW YORK.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum. The model of Cutty Sark (scale about 6 ft. to the inch) which we show above was made by a Scandinavian sailor, Mr. Thomas Rosenkvist, who sailed in the famous tea clipper. It was recently offered to the Duke of Edinburgh by Mr. James Culhane, of New York, but on the suggestion of his Royal Highness presented by him to the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. Cutty Sark was built by Denny, of Dumbarton, and is the only survivor of the clippers built for the tea trade. After service in this and, later, the wool trade, she was sold in 1895 to a Lisbon firm and renamed *Ferreira*, being later partly dismantled and rigged as a barquentine. In 1921 she was purchased by the late Captain Dowman, who re-rigged her and renamed her *Cutty Sark*. She was used for some years as a training-ship and was presented by Mrs. Dowman to the Thames Nautical College in 1938, when the clipper was towed to her present mooring at Greenwich. The question of the preservation of this fine and famous ship for the nation is at present under consideration.

us down to the bottom of an abyss and are now, with every self-righteous and complacent exhortation, urging us to march at full speed up it again? "The noble Duke of York," of the nursery song, in his military evolutions, was never a hundredth part as irrational! It is no use blaming it all on the Russians; the Russians and their international policy are exactly the same to-day as they were five, ten and fifteen years ago. The leaders of the U.S.S.R.'s political





THE POWERLESSNESS OF MAN IN THE FACE OF WINTER'S SAVAGE ONSLAUGHT: (TOP) VILLAGERS OF ANDERMATT DIGGING IN SEARCH OF MEN AND WOMEN BURIED UNDER HUNDREDS OF TONS OF SNOW AND DÉBRIS; (LEFT) THE VILLAGE OF VALS, HALF-ENGULFED BY AN AVALANCHE WHOSE EDGE MAY BE SEEN ON THE LEFT, HALF-COVERING ROOFS; AND (RIGHT) A NEAR VIEW OF RESCUE PARTIES AMID THE DÉBRIS OF A RUINED HOUSE AT ANDERMATT.



## THE GREAT ALPINE WINTER TRAGEDY: AVALANCHE HAVOC IN SWITZERLAND.

THE toll of the havoc, loss of life and destruction of property caused by the Alpine avalanches reported on January 23 proved to be greater than the original estimates. Austria headed the casualty list with a total of 127 killed, and some hundred not accounted for. In Switzerland the death roll was 71, and though British tourists had suffered inconveniences and been cut off and held up by blocked lines, none had been reported injured. Italy had the lowest list of casualties, with some 30 dead, 50 injured and others missing. Swiss military aircraft dropped supplies to stricken districts in Switzerland, while the Swiss Red Cross made immediate arrangements for helping sufferers. One photograph shows Vals, where five bodies were recovered and fourteen were still missing.



LAST week I examined the United Nations offensive towards the Yalu last November. In that there were no events to discuss because the offensive lasted for only about twenty-four hours, and the Chinese then launched a vigorous counter-offensive which drove back the Eighth Army in defeat. This marked the end of the offensive, except that the United States X Corps, not then forming part of the Eighth Army, continued to move forward on the right wing for a short time. My study was thus limited to one of principle. I sought to discover whether the strategy and tactics, on which the offensive was based, were in part rooted in the doctrine of the late General George Patton, a theory which seemed to be of then commander of the Eighth Army, Lieut. General Walker, was his avowed disciple. I suggested that this doctrine, if applied to unsuitable situations, might be dangerous. To-day I carry on the process, and discuss the retreat which has since been taking place, in a less theoretical way, because there is so much more practical detail to work upon. First of all, however, I must point out that the intervention of politics complicates the issue. We must bear in mind the fact that the conduct of the campaign might have been different but for their influence. The United Nations command was unable to attack the Chinese lines of communication in Chinese territory, and could not be insensitive to intermittent negotiations which were in progress while the fighting was going on.

Another important point is that we still remain in some doubt regarding the quality of the Chinese forces, so that it is not easy to decide whether or not the respect with which they have been treated by those of the United Nations has been exaggerated. It is still not altogether clear whether Communist fervour has endowed them with a determination, and a contempt for losses, such as Chinese troops have rarely displayed in modern times. We do not yet know whether they have abandoned the traditions and conventions by which Chinese wars, civil and foreign, have been marked. At first sight it seemed that this had been the case. In the course of the operations, however, there have occurred incidents suggesting that in certain respects old theories of war have not been discarded. "When you surround an army, leave an outlet free. Do not press a desperate foe too hard," writes Sun Tzu in his treatise on the art of war, published nearly two-and-a-half millenaries ago. I fancy I have noted signs of this spirit in the Chinese pursuit, though remarkable determination has been shown on occasion. One thing that can be said with confidence is that if the Chinese Communist armies have become impregnated by a fierce and furious spirit comparable to that of the Japanese, this development alone would suffice to alter the whole strategic complexion of the Asiatic continent.

The initiative was wrested from the hands of the United Nations, and their retreat begun by a heavy Chinese assault upon South Korean forces forming a thin and weakly link between the Eighth Army and the X Corps on the eastern side of the peninsula. Pressing on rapidly into the breach, the Chinese then threatened the right flank of the main body of the Eighth Army, that part of it which contained its American and European troops. The latter then made a very rapid retreat to a position which relieved it from any danger of envelopment. Later on the process was repeated, and up to the time of writing the Chinese have never launched a frontal attack on this main body of the Eighth Army in force bearing any relation to their numerical strength. Nor have they shown themselves quick in recovery and reorganisation after making a forward bound. For example, when the United Nations took up a position approximately along the 38th Parallel, with their left flank slightly drawn back, the Chinese completely lost contact. They sat down along the 39th Parallel, that is, about 69 miles to the north, to reorganise. So long did they remain inactive that speculation was rife as to whether they intended to advance again. Military opinion, unlike that of the politicians, never had any doubt that they would.

Military opinion was right. They came on again, but slowly and clumsily. The sole cause of their halt was that, though lightly armed and equipped, so that they require little transport, they have very much less than the barest requirements. "In our sense, they have no transport," a good authority remarked to me. It cannot be doubted that they are a trifle better equipped than first experience would show. They left, north of the Yalu, heavy vehicles, including artillery and a certain number of tanks, which they have since been bringing forward gradually, though to what an extent is not yet clear. The last offensive, down the centre of Korea towards Wonju in the first instance, was on the same lines as those which had preceded it, but this time was carried out by North Korean forces. There may have been a few Chinese troops engaged in it, but the number reported was without doubt grossly exaggerated, certainly in the first instance. Simultaneously the main body of the Chinese, in the western half of the peninsula, slowly closed up towards the United Nations front; but the frontal attack expected was delayed.

While the American and European troops of the Eighth Army have been subjected to attacks and suffered not inconsiderable losses in the course of the

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THEORY AND PRACTICE IN KOREA.-2.

By CYRIL FALLS.

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

retreat, the general pattern has been a series of threats to their right flank, followed by swift withdrawal on their part, with the result that they have already abandoned the greater part of Korea and lost a large proportion of the territory south of the 38th Parallel.

it by a few blows. It is possible that in the present instance the commanders on the spot are fighting to political orders, both in view of the negotiations which I have already mentioned, and because it appears imperative to preserve at all costs the troops engaged in the present ugly international situation. It may even be that these commanders would have adopted a bolder attitude if left to themselves. Whatever the reason, the Eighth Army conformed to the enemy's will. Yet the fighting power of the Chinese engaged with the X Corps, when widely dispersed and with its communications mostly cut, did not seem high.

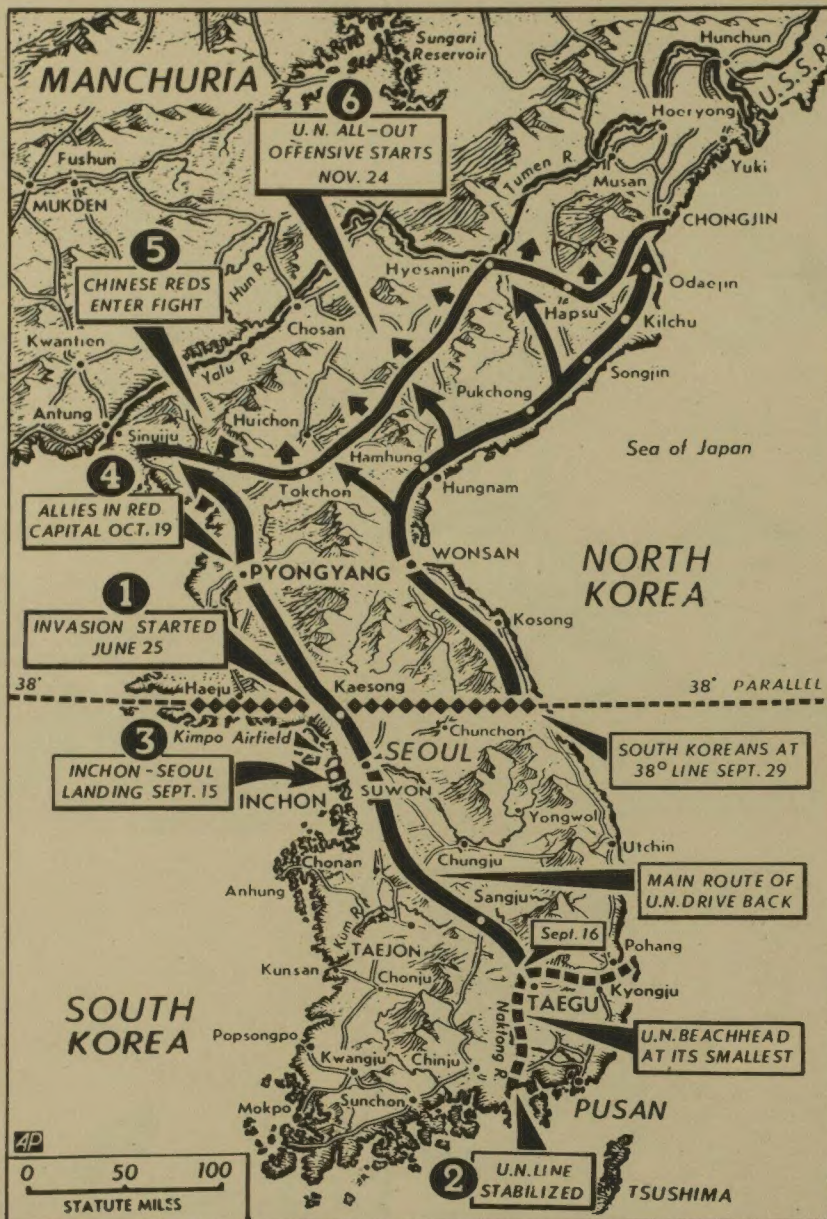
One other possibility has to be considered: that it is the intention to draw the enemy far southward before attempting to turn upon him. I do not pretend to know, though every club gossip has now got hold of the story that there is no hope of a stand in Korea except around the port of Pusan. Supposing that the United Nations command is indeed hoping to launch a counter-offensive in strength further down the peninsula, this may be the best strategy from the purely military point of view. Even then one must comment that only rarely can a problem of war be isolated in this way; as a rule, matters political have also to be kept in sight, and here assuredly they must be. The extra suffering and loss for the wretched inhabitants is a serious consideration. Korea was battered heavily during the earlier phases, both when the North Koreans held the initiative and after the United Nations had secured it from them. Now, while the tide of war is sweeping over the country for the third time, most of the towns and villages which escaped on previous occasions, or were not irreparably damaged, are being destroyed. The extent of the misery, hunger, exposure, and total ruin of the population of Korea must by now have become appalling.

In the second week of January, after the deep hostile penetration south of Wonju, American and European troops moved across to aid the South Koreans, who were clearly incapable of opposing the advance. Counter-attacks were launched, local in character and in no sense amounting to a counter-offensive, but representing the strongest reaction on the part of the United Nations so far displayed. It also appeared that the defence had been strengthened by the moving up of troops of the X Corps (now forming part of the Eighth Army), who had been taken off by sea and landed at Pusan or elsewhere. This part of the country is, however, more unfavourable to the action of troops equipped with elaborate transport, and depending heavily upon it, than the western side of the peninsula. It is there, moreover, that the strongest concentration of the enemy, his main body, is to be found. Only there would defeat prove ruinous to him. There may also be some danger that, the longer the campaign continues, the more effective will the enemy become in the air.

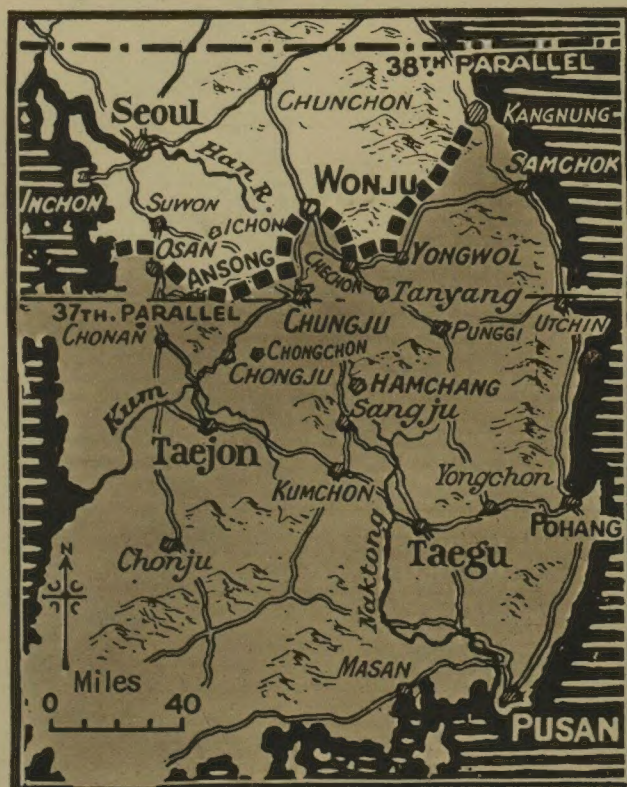
Hitherto, despite a great increase in activity, his aircraft have caused no serious trouble. The evidence suggests, that he has been merely feeling his way and training his pilots. Were he to launch attacks on a perimeter of defence round Pusan it would be disconcerting.

My readers may remember that I expressed some doubts about the wisdom of entering the Korean contest in the first instance, though fully conscious of the arguments in favour of such a course. But, as Polonius pointed out to Laertes, though one ought to beware of entrance to a quarrel, once one is in the chief need is determination. I fear it is not realised by all commentators how deep would be the humiliation of a forced withdrawal by sea at this stage, even if not another man were lost, or that even a cessation of arms by mutual agreement, for which we are striving as I write, would involve a serious and damaging loss of face. It is quite true that some of the formations of the Eighth Army would be better placed in Europe than they are to-day in Korea, but it must not be supposed that their transfer would represent all gain. On the contrary, a heavy rebuff in Korea would not only be a great asset to Asiatic Communism; it might actually increase the already great danger of a third world war.

The whole episode is extremely disquieting. The bland assumption, prevalent in the Foreign Office, that Communist China is naturally "Titoist," may be true or false, but it is insufficient as a foundation of policy. As for the tactical situation, I cannot avoid fearing that the attribution to the Chinese of power so great and military qualities so high as to necessitate retreat, whenever they come to close quarters, may create the danger which it suggests by exercising a harmful effect on the spirit of the troops. Perhaps my doubts are excessive and will be falsified by a happier ending to the undertaking than I am inclined to fear. I only hope it may be so. It would be a serious matter if the land forces of the two greatest nations of the western world could not deal with Chinese, armed with what they can carry in their hands, even at long numerical odds. Drastic re-training would be necessary before they could oppose more formidable foes.



THE EXTREMES OF THE KOREAN WAR IN 1950: A MAP TO SHOW THE UNITED NATIONS BEACH-HEAD AT ITS SMALLEST (ON SEPTEMBER 16); AND THE FURTHEST ADVANCE OF THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES (ON NOVEMBER 24).



THE UNITED NATIONS FRONT ON JANUARY 20: A MAP SHOWING THE APPROXIMATE LINE HELD BY THE U.N. FORCES, ALTHOUGH AT THE DATE OF WRITING THE OPPOSING ARMIES WERE OUT OF TOUCH AND A STRICT CENSORSHIP WAS IN FORCE.

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# A SMILE THAT GIVES EUROPE CONFIDENCE: GENERAL EISENHOWER'S TOUR.



LONDON, JANUARY 15: GENERAL EISENHOWER LEAVING THE MINISTRY OF DEFENCE IN CHEERFUL MOOD WITH ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD FRASER, FIRST SEA LORD, WHO PRESIDED AT THE TALKS IN THE ABSENCE OF FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM, CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF.



COPENHAGEN, JANUARY 11-12: GENERAL EISENHOWER WITH THE DANISH FOREIGN MINISTER, HERR KRAFT, DURING A DISCUSSION WHICH "LIFTED UP MY HEART."



LISBON, JANUARY 16-17: GENERAL EISENHOWER, WHO WAS RECENTLY APPOINTED TO BE THE SUPREME COMMANDER OF NORTH ATLANTIC FORCES IN EUROPE, PHOTOGRAPHED CHATTING TO PRESIDENT CARMONA OF PORTUGAL (LEFT) DURING HIS VISIT TO THAT COUNTRY.



PARIS, JANUARY 7-9: FAVOURABLY IMPRESSED BY THE FRENCH SITUATION, GENERAL EISENHOWER JOKES WITH M. ROBERT SCHUMAN, FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER.



IN A MOOD OF CHEERFUL CONFIDENCE: GENERAL OF THE ARMY DWIGHT EISENHOWER, SUPREME COMMANDER OF NORTH ATLANTIC FORCES IN EUROPE.



LISBON, JANUARY 17: GENERAL EISENHOWER WITH DR. SALAZAR, PRIME MINISTER OF PORTUGAL, FOLLOWING HIS ARRIVAL TO ASSESS PORTUGAL'S CONTRIBUTION TO EUROPEAN DEFENCE.



ROME, JANUARY 17-19: GENERAL EISENHOWER WITH SIGNOR DE GASPERI, ITALIAN PRIME MINISTER, AND COUNT SFORZA (CENTRE), FOREIGN MINISTER, AT THE VIMINALE PALACE.



LONDON, JANUARY 13-16: GENERAL EISENHOWER WITH MR. SHINWELL (LEFT), MINISTER OF DEFENCE, AND MR. WALTER GIFFORD, THE U.S. AMBASSADOR.



GREAT SOLDIERS AND OLD ASSOCIATES: GENERAL EISENHOWER WITH FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY, DURING THE FORMER'S VISIT TO LONDON.

General Eisenhower arranged to return to Washington on January 29 to report on his recent visit as Supreme Commander of North Atlantic Forces in Europe, to France, Belgium, The Netherlands, Denmark, Norway, the United Kingdom, Portugal, Italy, Luxembourg, West Germany, Iceland and Canada. In London General Eisenhower stressed that his appointment was for the purpose of preserving peace and not of achieving a military victory, and said: "We have been forced to make our No. 1 priority the establishment of a . . . military structure behind which we may all live

in peace." In Denmark he was told that the token force of 1000 Danish troops now in Germany would be placed under his command and increased to 4000 men. General Eisenhower replied: "Size has nothing to do with it. . . . I have encountered nothing here but those things which have lifted up my heart." General Eisenhower was very cheerful during his exhausting tour, and though he may have been disappointed by the contributions of some countries, he himself has given a greater feeling of confidence to the peoples of Western Europe.



# BRITAIN, GERMANY, AMERICA: NEWS ITEMS IN PICTURES.



(ABOVE.) CLAIMED AS GERMANY'S BIGGEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE: WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE AT COLOGNE.

This new bridge, which replaces one destroyed during the war, is now nearing completion and it is expected that it will be opened to traffic in the late summer. It is described as 530 yards long and 30 yards wide, the 60-yard-high towers carrying the cables, each of which consists of 37 steel ropes.



DESIGNED TO DROP A FULLY-EQUIPPED INFANTRY DETAIL FROM THE AIR: A MODEL OF A 6000-LB. CAPACITY CONTAINER, TO BE TESTED AT DAYTON, OHIO. THE BARREL-LIKE BUFFERS ARE PNEUMATIC.



A DISPLAY OF CRAFTSMANSHIP THAT NEVER FAILS TO DRAW A CROWD: AN OLD FACTORY CHIMNEY BEING FEELED IN THE WATERLOO STATION DISTRICT TO MAKE WAY FOR A NEW LONDON TRANSPORT GARAGE.

(RIGHT.) THE WRECK OF THE BRITISH STEAMER *Tapti*: THE VESSEL AGROUND ON A ROCK IN THE SOUND OF GUNNA. SIXTY-TWO SURVIVORS WERE TAKEN OFF BY LIFEBOAT.

The 6609-ton vessel *Tapti* was sailing in ballast from Manchester to Newcastle-on-Tyne when, on January 17, she struck a rock off Soa, a small island in the passage between Coll and Tiree, off the west coast of Scotland. The Mallaig and Barra lifeboats answered distress signals and sixty-two survivors were taken off by the Mallaig lifeboat, including fifty-one lascars and one Chinese. It is feared that the ship will be a total loss. None of the crew was injured.



A SOVIET CHALLENGE TO A FRENCH CLAIM TO A GERMAN FARM: THE OWNER WITH FRENCH SOLDIERS AND WEST BERLIN POLICE, AND RUSSIANS IN THE BACKGROUND. On January 17 Soviet troops and East German police occupied a farm in Frohnau, lying in the Soviet Zone of Germany and 400 yards outside the French sector of Berlin. The farm was allotted to the French in a Four-Power agreement in 1945.



THE BIGGEST TELESCOPE MIRROR EVER CAST IN BRITAIN: THE DISC BEING COMPLETED AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE FOR THE MOUNT STROMLO OBSERVATORY IN AUSTRALIA. This 74-in. telescope mirror is the biggest ever cast in Britain and has been designed for the Mount Stromlo Observatory in Australia. The instrument to hold the mirror will be displayed at the Festival of Britain, but the mirror itself will not be completed for some months yet.



H.M.S.  
 "VANGUARD":  
 BRITAIN'S  
 BIGGEST  
 BATTLESHIP  
 LEAVING FOR  
 THE HOME  
 FLEET'S  
 SPRING  
 CRUISE.

THE middle of January saw the departure from home ports of a number of ships of the Home Fleet for the Spring Cruise. On January 16, the cruiser *Swiftsure* (Flag Officer Second Cruiser Squadron, Vice-Admiral C. A. L. Mansergh) left Sheerness with three destroyers, *Solebay*, *St. Kitts* and *Broadsword*, in company. On January 18 the battleship *Vanguard* (Captain D. H. Hall-Thompson, R.N.), wearing the flag of the Commander-in-Chief (Admiral Sir Philip L. Vian), sailed from Portsmouth. During the same week a number of other ships sailed from their respective bases, including the destroyers *St. James*, *Cadiz* and *Battleaxe*, the frigates *Loch Insh* and *Loch Alvie*, the submarines *Acheron* and *Amphion*, the fleet tug *Reward* and the fleet oiler, *Black Ranger*. These ships were proceeding to Gibraltar, carrying out ship and flotilla drills while on passage. Early in February they were to be joined there by two fleet aircraft carriers, *Indomitable* (Captain M. L. Power, R.N.) and *Indefatigable* (Captain R. St. V. Sherbrooke, V.C., R.N.), the latter wearing the flag of the Flag Officer Training Squadron, Rear-Admiral St. J. A. Micklethwait. Also joining the Fleet later are the destroyers *Corunna*, *Gabbard*, *Sluys* and *Crossbow* and the frigate *Loch Killisport*. In mid-February the Commander-in-Chief intended to sail the Fleet into the Western Mediterranean for exercises with the Mediterranean Fleet, ships later visiting ports in Italy and Southern France. Admiral Vian proposed transferring his flag early in March to H.M.S. *Indomitable*, the Fleet returning to the United Kingdom in the middle of that month.

A MAGNIFICENT AND COMPREHENSIVE AERIAL VIEW OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S NEWEST, BIGGEST AND ONLY ACTIVE BATTLESHIP LEAVING PORTSMOUTH ON JANUARY 18 FOR THE OPENING OF THE HOME FLEET'S SPRING CRUISE.





## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A GEORGIAN NOBLEMAN.

"PEMBROKE PAPERS 1780-1794"; Edited by Lord Herbert.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MORE than ten years ago Lord Herbert edited a volume of papers, drawn from the Muniment Room at Wilton, entitled "Henry, Elizabeth and George," and dealing with the story of Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke, Elizabeth (*née* Spencer) his wife, and George, Lord Herbert (later eleventh Earl), his son. The present book is a continuation with the same three fascinating characters in the foreground. When it opens, George has just come of age and returned to England after his five years extensive and highly educative (he even went to Russia) Grand Tour; when it closes his amusing, gallant, happy-go-lucky, attractive and intolerable rip of a father has just died, and the heir writes to his banker "to know whereabouts I shall stand between affluence and beggary. A beggarly Peer is a bitter bad thing."

There are other correspondents, "to and from": notably the two persons who set out on the Grand Tour with George as his caretakers, Mr. Coxe (known later as the historian of Marlborough, to whom Macaulay devoted an essay) and John Floyd, a soldier, a ward of Henry's (his father had been killed at Minden) and one who, in the end, had a career in India, and became a General and a Baronet. Floyd, so long as he appears in the correspondence, comes out as a decent, honourable, charming person whose own "Diaries and Letters" would be worth recovering. Coxe has not the same obvious attraction. His former pupil, who habitually and affectionately addressed him as "my Coxe," was evidently aware of his solid merits: to the reader of this book he seems a little too persistent in seeking the Pembroke patronage, and pence and promotion from the Establishment. The two tutors quarrelled with each other abroad and George finished his Tour alone: and on his own he was quite capable. Capable he remained.

The sort of England to which he returned is indicated by a letter from Sir James Harris, later Lord Malmesbury. "I rejoice at your safe return to England; the pleasant company you met on Westminster Bridge must have given you a very pretty notion of that dear liberty our countrymen are constantly proving to be on the decline, by setting the Laws, the King, the Parliament, and every publick and private duty at defiance. Another such a mob will induce me to settle under the clement and mild Government of Catherine II., and sacrifice the fabulous advantages of liberty, to the certain security belonging to a Monarchy in the hands of a wise and humane Sovereign: this mob certainly will take place and in a

referred to here, and all the expected names like those of Lord North and Lord George Germaine. There is also plenty about rural life, sport, soldiering, and the manipulation of bought commissions and pocket boroughs—George sat for Wilton with "Single-Speech Hamilton," who had to be asked to move for not sticking to his implied party contract. But after one has gone through this big volume—which might have been slightly enlarged by an index to the Letters—three figures stand out, whatever public panoramas may have passed across the reader's field of vision. They are the old three: the Father, the Mother and the Son. The mother, a patient wife until she could



ELIZABETH SPENCER, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.  
From a pastel by Daniel Gardner.

bear with her Imp no longer, and always a solicitous mother, is a gracious, pervading presence, but she does not loom like her husband and her son. Had the title not been used before, the book might well have been called "Father and Son."

The characters and the relationship might almost be guessed from the way in which they addressed each other. The hearty father wrote "Dear George. . . . Ever my dear George, very affecty. Yrs. P.": the son's mode of reply was: "Dear Lord P. . . . Very sincerely yours, Herbert," which, even in a formal age, must have sounded a little chilly, especially to an informal father. Had the rôles been reversed there must have evidently been a bust-up: that father could never have stood that son as a father for a week. Happily, things were as they were. The son kept his self-control. He never abandoned his show of filial respect. His father "took it" when he stopped him selling entailed possessions. The father, a scamp, is an amusing figure to us; but the son possibly saved Wilton.

The long-suffering Elizabeth survived Henry by many years, dying in 1831 at the age of ninety-four. George had predeceased her by four years: he had pulled the family fortunes together, been active in the public service, been promoted to General and made a Knight of the Garter. After fifteen years as a widower he married Catherine Woronzow, daughter of the Russian Ambassador in London and sister of the Prince Woronzow who distinguished himself at Borodino and commanded the Cavalry at Leipzig. One son of the first marriage, to Topham Beauclerk's daughter, survived to manhood: he became the childless twelfth Earl and is here described as "a dissolute and unpleasant character": it seems odd that so virtuous and conventional a father should have produced such a son, until one remembers that it is equally odd that George should have been produced by Henry. By the Russian marriage he begat a son who did not live to succeed but from whom descended the thirteenth, fourteenth and present fifteenth Earls: he added a new, and a new sort of, lustre to the ancient constellation of the Herberts, being Sidney Herbert, War Minister during the Crimean War, indispensable backer of Florence Nightingale, a noble man who wore himself out in the service of his fellows. Our War Minister at the time of the Crimea was, in fact, half a Russian. This might have surprised Henry: had he met them he might have been surprised by a good many of his other relatives, such as the Herbert who was Shakespeare's friend, the poet who preceded

Coxe as Rector of Bemerton, and that dashing philosophical blade, Herbert of Cherbury. But had the ghosts of all his clan stepped out of their picture-frames in the Great Hall, and taken on flesh like the ancestors in "Ruddigore," their variety and the spirituality of some of them would certainly not have shaken his aplomb. He

would have summoned his lackeys with lashings of drinks, including, after one swift glance, pure water for the Rector of Bemerton, and talked to them, each after his own fashion. Colonel of his cavalry regiment, he could have easily coped with the warriors; a tremendous sportsman and an acknowledged expert on equitation (which even reduced him to authorship), he would have been quite at home with the horse; a man (though in an unnecessary emergency he would have sold any family treasure) of taste, and a crony of Sir William Hamilton, he could have managed the connoisseurs; and, did he wish to find common ground with them all, he would, with hearty laughter, have told extremely crude jokes in unsifted language, acting quite naturally according to the doctrine deliberately adopted by Sir Robert Walpole (one of the craftiest of men, albeit fundamentally sound) that "at his table he always talked bawdy, for in that all could join." Doing this (and I imagine his posterity as well as his progenitors around him) he could not help but notice several of them wincing: the earlier George, the sweet poet; his own son George, on whom he in his letters inflicted japes which must have shaken that upright offspring to the core; and his grandson Sidney, who would find it difficult to stand jests about "The Lady With the Lamp." In the background of this picture I see his poor wife Elizabeth, who loved the lovable side of him, and shrank from the coarse side



THE EDITOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: LORD HERBERT. Lord Herbert, who was born in 1906, is the eldest son and heir of the fifteenth Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. Educated at Eton and Pembroke College, Oxford, he was Comptroller and Private Secretary to the Duchess of Kent, 1942-48; and Equerry to the late Duke of Kent. He is a member of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, and edited "Henry, Elizabeth and George: Letters and Diaries of Henry, Tenth Earl of Pembroke, and his Circle," which covered the years 1734-1780.



ELIZABETH BEAUCLERK, FIRST WIFE OF GEORGE, LORD HERBERT, DAUGHTER OF LADY DIANA AND TOPHAM BEAUCLERK.  
By Sir William Beechey.

duplicate ratio, if many hundred of the last are not executed; and Ld. G. Gordon hanged. If they had one head and I the axe they should be soon a trunk."

This extract may serve to indicate that the diaries and letters are not entirely concerned with private affairs and Wiltshire rusticities. Lord Pembroke took his full share in politics, and got into hot water through changing sides: all the expected events are

\* "Pembroke Papers 1780-1794: Letters and Diaries of Henry, Tenth Earl of Pembroke, and his Circle." Edited by Lord Herbert. Illustrated. (Jonathan Cape; 25s.)



GEORGE LORD HERBERT, AFTERWARDS ELEVENTH EARL OF PEMBROKE, K.G. PAINTED IN 1821, AGED SIXTY-ONE.  
By William Owen.

The illustrations, taken from pictures at Wilton, are reproduced from the book: "Pembroke Papers 1780-1794," published by Jonathan Cape.

of him; who stood him for as long as she could, and even brought up his favourite illegitimate son at Wilton as though he were her own, but in the end could bear her lot no more and retired to a house of her own at Richmond, comforted a little by letters from Queen Charlotte, which honour both writer and recipient. "Oh, Henry, if only you could have been a little different," was her mute cry.

It has been heard before and since in human history.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 150 of this issue.



ST. ETHELBURGA'S - SMALLEST CITY CHURCH:  
WITH A 3-ACRE PARISH AND 11 PARISHIONERS.



ONE OF THE RARE INSTANCES OF WINE CASKS APPEARING IN THE DECORATION OF A CHURCH:  
THE VINTNERS' ARMS BELOW THOSE OF THE SADDLERS.



THE SMALLEST CHURCH IN THE CITY OF LONDON: ST. ETHELBURGA'S,  
BISHOPSGATE, THE ONLY CHURCH IN ENGLAND DEDICATED TO THAT SAINT.

(ABOVE.)  
THE EAST WINDOW  
(1878), BY KEMPE:  
THE BLESSED VIRGIN  
(CENTRE), AND (L. TO  
R.) SS. PAULINUS,  
ETHELBURGA, HELEN  
AND AUGUSTINE.

THE Church of  
St. Ethelburga  
the Virgin within  
Bishopsgate has a  
three-acre parish  
and only eleven  
parishioners. It is  
the smallest church  
in the City of London,  
and the only one in  
the country dedicated  
to Ethelburga. She  
was the sister of St.  
Erkenwald, Bishop  
of London, and was  
the first Abbess of  
that saint's founda-  
tion at Barking. She  
died c. 670. Nothing  
is known of the  
original building of  
her church, though  
some small fragments  
of stonework, which  
appear to belong to  
the Early English  
period, are visible. The first known rector, Robert, son of Robert de Meretsham, held the office in 1304,  
and the present church was built in the first half of the fifteenth century, incorporating portions of an  
earlier church. It is very small, being in length inside, on the south side, 56 ft. 6 ins., and on the north  
slightly less. It contains several stained-glass windows, including modern examples referring to incidents con-  
nected with the voyages of Henry Hudson, and also possesses three late seventeenth-century panels of heraldic  
glass which have just been replaced in the windows. They were removed for safety during the war.



ONE OF THE PANELS OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY GLASS NOW IN PLACE.  
AGAIN: THE ORIGINAL ARMS OF THE MERCERS' COMPANY, A FEMALE HEAD.



THE NORTH-EAST WINDOW, WITH TWO SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HERALDIC PANELS:  
THE ARMS OF THE CITY AND, BELOW, THOSE OF THE MERCERS' COMPANY.



# "THE BIGGEST INCH"—PIPING A GAS SUPPLY INDEPENDENT OF THE COAL-MINER.



LAYING 60-FT. SECTIONS OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST NATURAL-GAS PIPE-LINE: DIESEL TRUCKS WITH SIDEBOOMS LIFTING THE PIPE IN READINESS FOR THE WELDERS, NEAR BLYTHE, CALIFORNIA.



A WELDING CREW JOINING ANOTHER SECTION OF PIPE IN THE FIELD. THE PIPE IS EVENTUALLY LAID IN THE DITCH SEEN ON THE RIGHT.

In times like these, the inhabitants of coal-hungry lands look with considerable envy to the huge natural-gas resources of the United States and Canada. Natural gas is found in compression in pockets of petroleum-bearing rocks, and until comparatively recent years it was largely wasted, acting simply as the vehicle which propelled the oil out of the oil sands.



MAKING THE PIPE SECTIONS FOR THE "BIGGEST INCH" PIPE-LINE: HERE THE PIPES ARE BEING HYDRAULICALLY EXPANDED A HALF-INCH. TO THEIR FINAL 30-IN. DIAMETER.



A PICTURE WHICH GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE IMMENSITY OF THE PROJECT: AN AERIAL VIEW OF PART OF THE 1200-MILE-LONG DITCH WITH PIPES IN READINESS FOR LAYING.

It consists largely of methane and other light hydrocarbons, and since the developments of 1929 has become in the United States a fuel of major significance, although, by its nature, a wasting asset. Some idea of its commercial importance can be realised from the quantities which the giant pipe-line illustrated here is expected to handle at full pressure. It is stated that this pipe will have, under compression, a daily product of 305,000,000 cubic feet of gas—a figure which can be compared with Great Britain's total figure for the year 1943 of 394,843,000,000 cubic feet of coal gas. In addition to natural gas' very extensive domestic consumption, it is largely used in American industry, and is a source of many valuable by-products, one of the most interesting at the present time being carbon black, an essential constituent in the manufacture of automobile tyres and, incidentally, printer's ink. To tap the vast natural-gas-fields of Texas and New Mexico several West Coast gas companies have united in the "Biggest Inch" project—so called by analogy with the "Little" and "Big Inch" pipe-lines which brought so much petroleum to the Eastern seaboard during the war years. For the last leg of its length this monster pipe-line will have a diameter of 30 in., earlier stages of 737 miles and 251 miles having respectively 26-in. and 24-in. pipes; and it will draw from Eunice, New Mexico, and Dumas, Texas, natural gas for delivery to Santa Fé Springs, outside Los Angeles. The recent connection of New York with the natural-gas supplies of Texas and Louisiana is reported and illustrated on the facing page.





**NATURAL GAS REACHES NEW YORK AFTER AN 1800-MILE JOURNEY FROM TEXAS BY WHAT IS CLAIMED AS THE WORLD'S LONGEST PIPE-LINE : NEW YORK STATE OFFICIALS LIGHTING THE FIRST GAS OUTLET AND OPENING THE SERVICE.**

Those countries which are dependent on the efforts of the coal-miner for their supplies of domestic and industrial gas look with not unnatural envy to the immense recent development in the United States of transmission of natural gas from the Texas oil basin. U.S. natural-gas production more than doubled itself between 1935 and 1945, and in 1947, with the conversion of the "Little Inch" and "Big Inch" oil pipelines of the war to natural-gas transmission and the building of the huge "Biggest

Inch" pipe (see facing page), the use of natural gas in America took an immense step forward. In January this year further great projects were announced linking Middletown, Ohio, with the supply fields in Texas and Louisiana; and on January 16 an extension of pipe from Washington and Baltimore brought the gas to New York, after a journey by pipe-line of 1800 miles from the Rio Grande Valley, in Texas. For a description of natural gas, its supply, uses and by-products, see the facing page.



NEWS ITEMS FROM THE KOREAN FRONT:  
U.N. ACTION ON LAND AND IN THE AIR.



(ABOVE.) A WELCOME LIFT  
ON THE ROAD SOUTH:  
BRITISH TROOPS RIDING ON  
CENTURION TANKS DURING  
THE RETREAT FROM OSAN,  
IN SOUTH KOREA.



FRANCE'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES IN KOREA: FRENCH INFANTRY  
STORMING A COMMUNIST STRONG-POINT ON A HILLTOP IN SOUTH KOREA.

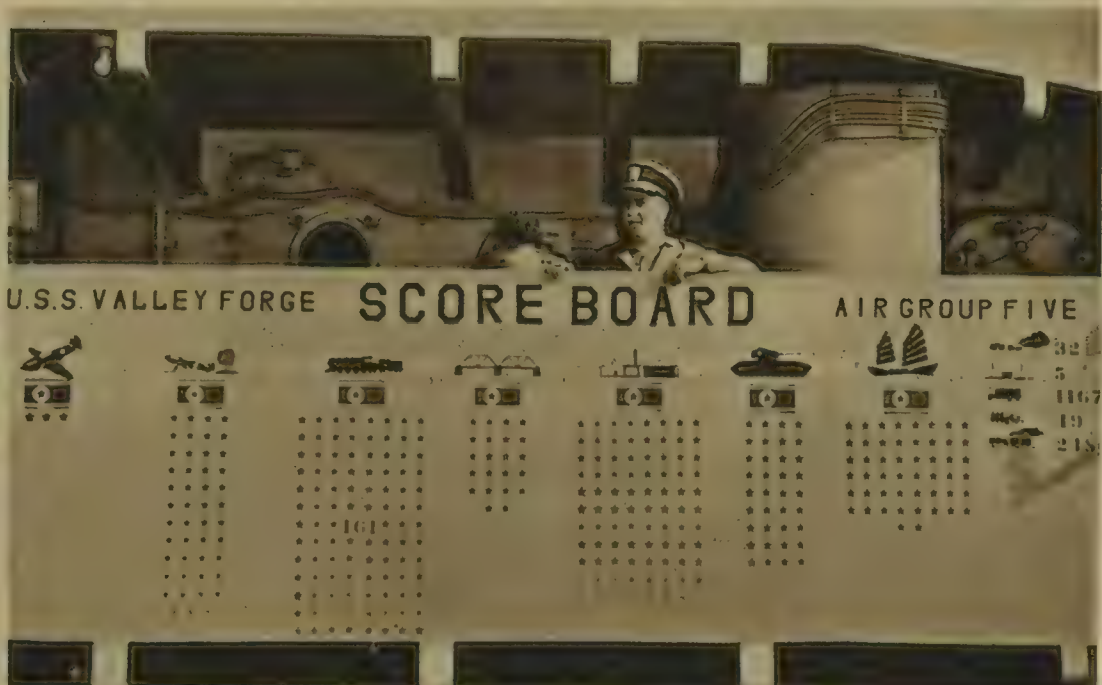
ON these pages we illustrate aspects of the war in Korea where, at the time of writing, action is confined to skirmishes between United Nations probing patrols and the outpost screen established by the Communists to cover their troop movements behind the line. In spite of French commitments in Indo-China, French troops are now also in action in South Korea, and in their first attack distinguished themselves by clearing Communist troops off a hilltop at the point of the bayonet. Lieutenant Lebeurrier and another wounded French officer were awarded the Silver Star by Lieut.-General Matthew Ridgway, Commander of the U.S. Eighth Army. During the retreat to the Hungnam beach-head from the Changjin reservoir area, U.S. Marines and Royal Marine Commandos learnt to respect each other's fighting qualities, and the

(Continued opposite)

(Continued opposite.)



IN THE WONJU AREA: A U.S.A.F. CARGO AIRCRAFT DROPPING SUPPLIES AND AMMUNITION BY PARACHUTE TO TROOPS OF THE U.S. 2ND DIVISION, WITH WHICH FRENCH AND DUTCH TROOPS ARE SERVING.



(ABOVE.) REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN M. HOSKINS POSED WITH A PICTORIAL SCOREBOARD RECORDING THE SUCCESSES OF PILOTS ABOARD THE U.S. CARRIER *VALLEY FORGE* FROM JULY TO NOVEMBER LAST YEAR.

(LEFT.) RETURNING FROM A PATROL IN A SNOWSTORM: U.N. TROOPS, LED BY TANKS, ON THE WESTERN SECTION OF THE FRONT LINE IN KOREA.



## FRENCH TROOPS IN ACTION, AND OTHER ASPECTS OF THE WAR IN KOREA.



PAUSING ON THE HILLTOP CAPTURED FROM THE COMMUNISTS IN A FIERCE DAYONET CHARGE: LIEUTENANT LEBOURRIER, OF THE FRENCH ARMY, RALLYING HIS MEN.



(ABOVE.) FRIENDSHIP BASED ON MUTUAL RESPECT: U.S. MARINES AND ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS, WHO TOGETHER FOUGHT THEIR WAY TO THE HUNGNAM BEACH-HEAD, SHAKING HANDS AS THE LATTER LEFT A BASE CAMP IN SOUTH KOREA FOR RE-DEPLOYMENT.



WHERE THE MILLION-AND-ONE ITEMS REQUIRED BY A FIGHTING FORCE ARE STORED READY FOR USE: A FORWARD SUPPLY DEPOT BEHIND THE LINE IN SOUTH KOREA, WITH U.N. ORDNANCE TROOPS CHECKING MATERIAL.

*Continued.*  
former gave the Royal Marines a warm send-off when they left their base "somewhere in South Korea" for service on another sector of the front. Rear-Admiral John M. Hoskins, former Commander of Carrier Division Three, is justifiably proud of the record of his pilots aboard the U.S. carrier *Valley Forge*. He is shown in our photograph with their pictorial scoreboard illustrating their successes from July 3 to November 20 last year. The symbols at the head of each bank of stars indicate aircraft in the air, aircraft on the ground, trains, bridges, factories, tanks and water craft destroyed. The column on the right shows successful raids on oil installations, radio stations, trucks and anti-aircraft installations.



(ABOVE.) WITH AN AIRCRAFT COMING IN TO LAND IN THE BACKGROUND: U.N. TROOPS PREPARING NAPALM (JELLIED PETROL) CONTAINERS ON AN AIRFIELD IN SOUTH KOREA.



(RIGHT.) EXAMINING A CHINESE BUGLE, RESEMBLING A HUNTING HORN, CAPTURED FROM THE COMMUNISTS: COLONEL W. A. HARRIS, A U.S. REGIMENTAL COMMANDER IN KOREA.



## BEHIND THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS' FIGHTING FRONT IN KOREA: SCENES IN MANCHURIA.



BUILT BY THE SOVIET ARMY DURING THEIR OCCUPATION OF MANCHURIA: A CONCRETE VICTORY MONUMENT IN CHANGCHUN.



WARMLY CLAD BUT PRIMITIVELY ARMED: SOME OF MAO TSE-TUNG'S GUERRILLAS, AMONG WHOM ARE MEN WHO WERE PREVIOUSLY KUOMINTANG TROOPS. AFTER CAPTURE BY THE COMMUNIST PEOPLE'S ARMIES THEY SUBSEQUENTLY FOUGHT AGAINST CHIANG KAI-SHEK.



REMINING THE MANCHURIANS OF THE SOVIET VICTORY AGAINST THE JAPANESE: A RUSSIAN MONUMENT IN HARBIN.



TYPICAL OF THE TROOPS THAT FORM THE BACKBONE OF THE CHINESE COMMUNIST FORCES IN KOREA: MEN OF THE FAMOUS "EIGHTH ROUTE ARMY."



A WEAPON IN MAO TSE-TUNG'S PROPAGANDA ARMOURY: A WOMAN WHO BROADCASTS REGULARLY FOR THE COMMUNISTS.



WHERE A SECRET PACT BETWEEN THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS AND THE SOVIET UNION WAS SIGNED IN 1949: HARBIN, IN CENTRAL MANCHURIA.



BUILT BY THE JAPANESE AND NOW UNDER RED CHINESE MANAGEMENT: THE YAMATA HOTEL IN MUKDEN, A CITY WITH A POPULATION OF SOME 863,500.

The might of the Soviet Army is never forgotten in Manchuria, where there are memorials to the victorious Red soldiers erected by the U.S.S.R. authorities. These Victory monuments serve to remind the Manchurian Communists that it was the Russians who broke the Japanese stranglehold on their country in 1945. After the Japanese capitulated, the Soviet Army was in occupation of the whole area of Manchuria, till May, 1946; as fast as areas were evacuated by the Soviet Army, they were occupied by Chinese Communist forces. To-day Manchuria has become

a vast arsenal and training ground for the Communist forces that are fighting the United Nations' Forces in Korea. During the last weeks, large numbers of North Korean troops have been re-equipped and trained there. The Red tide continues to flood into Korea from Manchuria where, as early as July 4, 1950, Mao Tse-Tung had begun to concentrate the fifty-five divisions of Lin Piao's Fourth Field Army from South and Central China, and part of Peng Teh-huei's First Field Army from the far North-West to build up a strong striking force.





RECEIVING TRAINING IN THE SURPRISE ATTACK OR LIGHTNING RAID : COMMUNIST GUERRILLAS ARMED WITH HAND-GRENADES AND OTHER WEAPONS.



LEARNING THE TYPE OF WARFARE WHICH FORMS AN EXTREMELY IMPORTANT PART OF THE COMMUNIST MILITARY TACTICS : GUERRILLAS IN TRAINING.

PREPARING TO TAKE PART IN A TYPE OF WARFARE WIDELY EMPLOYED BY THE COMMUNISTS IN KOREA : GUERRILLAS IN TRAINING.

A U.S. Eighth Army communiqué issued on January 15 gave a significant reference to Communist guerrilla activity. It stated that "the tempo of anti-guerrilla action has increased." The events in Korea have served as a reminder that the Communists regard this type of warfare as extremely important. On this page we show some

photographs of irregulars undergoing training by the Chinese Communists for the work of harrying the United Nations' Forces behind the front lines, wrecking communications, and holding up supplies and ammunition while the better-equipped main forces launch mass attacks.





ONE OF THE UNITED STATES CONSOLIDATED VULTEE B-36 BOMBERS WHICH ARRIVED AT LAKENHEATH R.A.F. STATION, SUFFOLK, ON JANUARY 16: THE AIRCRAFT HAS A WING-SPAN OF 230 FT., IS 102 FT. IN LENGTH AND NEARLY 47 FT. IN HEIGHT, AS MAY BE GAUGED BY COMPARISON WITH THE MEN BESIDE IT.



STANDING BESIDE THE MAMMOTH BOMBER IN WHICH THEY FLEW OVER 5000 MILES FROM THEIR HOME BASE, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, TO LAKENHEATH, SUFFOLK, ON A ROUTINE TRAINING FLIGHT: THE CREW OF FIFTEEN OF A B-36.



A DRAMATIC ILLUSTRATION OF THE IMMENSE SIZE OF THE CONSOLIDATED VULTEE B-36: A "NOSE-ON" VIEW OF ONE OF THESE HUGE AIRCRAFT, WITH MEN ON GUARD BESIDE IT.



LOOKING UP AT A B-36: THE AIRCRAFT IS POWERED WITH SIX PISTON AND FOUR JET ENGINES. THE LAST-NAMED ARE MOUNTED IN PAIRS IN "PODS" UNDER THE WINGS.

# THE LARGEST MILITARY AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD: ONE OF THE SIX UNITED STATES TEN-ENGINE CONSOLIDATED VULTEE B-36 BOMBERS WHICH ARRIVED AT LAKENHEATH ON JANUARY 16.

Six of the United States Consolidated Vultee B-36 bombers, believed to be the largest military aircraft in the world, have just paid their first visit to Europe. They arrived at the R.A.F. station at Lakenheath, Suffolk, on January 16, having flown over 5000 miles from their home base, Fort Worth, Texas, which they left on January 13. The flight was a routine training one, part of a long-range navigational and cruise control training programme of units of the

U.S. Strategic Air Command. The aircraft which took part in it are from the U.S. 8th Air Force's 7th Bomb Wing, stationed at Carswell Air Force base, Fort Worth. Similar aircraft have recently made training flights to and from the Caribbean and the Pacific. Each B-36 carried its normal crew of fifteen, and the equivalent of full combat armament. Maintenance crews preceded the giant bombers so that they could be serviced immediately on arrival. They

were expected to take off within three or four days of their arrival and were to do so separately, following different routes designed to bring them to their home base within 25 to 40 hours. The six bombers were led by Colonel T. P. Gerrity, Commander of the 7th Bomb Wing of the 8th Air Force. The B-36 weighs over 160 British tons, compared with the 130 of the Bristol Brabazon civil air-liner, and is powered by six piston engines and four jet engines, the

last-named mounted in pairs in "pods" under the wings. The jet engines provide additional power for take-off and increase speed in the target area. With all her ten engines, the B-36 has some 40,000 h.p. available. Her maximum speed is over 435 m.p.h. and she can operate at a height of over 40,000 ft. The defensive armament is sixteen 20-mm. cannon carried in eight remotely-controlled turrets. The forward and aft crew compartments are pressurised.



# INSIDE THE "NEUTRALISED" ISLAND OF FORMOSA: CHINESE NATIONALIST MILITARY AND NAVAL TRAINING.



CHINESE NATIONALIST GUN DETACHMENTS IN TRAINING IN FORMOSA. THE GUNS WOULD APPEAR TO BE U.S. 105-MM. HOWITZERS ON M2 CARRIAGES.



EXTREMES OF CAMOUFLAGE TECHNIQUE: CHINESE NATIONALIST SOLDIERS IN FORMOSA, CAMOUFLAGED FOR (L. TO R.) JUNGLE, SNOW AND NIGHT ATTACK.



YOUNG OFFICERS OF THE CHINESE NATIONALIST ARMY IN FORMOSA, LISTENING, WITH PENS AND NOTEBOOKS, TO A LECTURE ON TACTICS.



CHINESE TROOPS IN FORMOSA ARE RECEIVING INTENSIVE TRAINING AND ARE HERE SEEN NEGOTIATING AN OBSTACLE COURSE OF A FAMILIAR PATTERN.



GENERAL SUN LI JEN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CHINESE NATIONALIST TROOPS IN FORMOSA, AND THE DIRECTOR OF MILITARY TRAINING.



CHINESE NATIONALIST NAVAL UNITS, IN HARBOUR AT THE KAOHSIUNG BASE IN SOUTHERN FORMOSA.



YOUNG CHINESE NAVAL RATINGS UNDERGOING THEIR FIRST BASIC TRAINING ON LAND IN FORMOSA. THE NAVY'S SHIPS ARE MOSTLY AMERICAN OR JAPANESE IN ORIGIN.

On this page we show some recent photographs taken in Formosa, the present stronghold of Chiang Kai-Shek's Nationalist forces, and a bone of contention between United States' and Communist China's foreign policies. The aim of U.S. policy has been to "neutralise" the island in two ways: by deterring Chiang Kai-Shek from using it as a springboard for an invasion of the Chinese mainland; and by preventing Communist China from seizing it and using it as an ever-present threat during the

Korean war. The Americans have rebuffed the Chinese Communists' claim to the island on the grounds that, being formerly Japanese territory, it is not legally part of China, and cannot become so until the Japanese peace treaty is signed. This position, however, is not held by the Nationalists, who claim Formosa as lost territory restored, the original treaty of cession to Japan (ratified May, 1895) having been cancelled by China's declaration of war against Japan in 1941.





STILL THE DOMINATING FIGURE OF THE CHINESE NATIONALISTS: CHIANG KAI-SHEK, SHOWN IN A GIGANTIC PORTRAIT ERECTED IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL AT TAIPEH, CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA.

Chiang Kai-Shek, the greatness of whose achievements has of recent years been obscured by the magnitude of the disasters which have befallen the Chinese Nationalist Government and forces, still remains the dominant figure of that Government and those forces. The disasters are largely ascribed to the corruption of the régime which he headed and its failure to bring about any of the much-needed reforms. With Chinese Nationalism's effective kingdom shrunk to the island of Formosa, it is claimed

with some support that Chiang has put his house in order, and that many reforms and improvements have been effected in the administration under the premiership of General Chen Cheng. Indeed, in his broadcast on October 10, the Chinese holiday of the "Double Tenth," Chiang Kai-Shek claimed that Formosa stood out as a beacon to the mainland because of its military, political and economic reforms and the enforcement of social legislation and self-government.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THE Japanese art of growing forest trees and flowering shrubs pines, maples, cherries, azaleas, etc., as dwarfed miniatures in small pots and shallow pans,

has always fascinated me, as doubtless it has thousands of other gardeners. The first specimens that I ever saw were a pine and a couple of maples which my father brought home from Japan when I was a small boy. They lived, a source of wonder to all, for a few years, but eventually died, victims no doubt of our ignorance of how to treat them. Since those days Japanese dwarf trees have been imported to this country by the thousand. They became a highly commercialised industry. Some of these imported specimens had great charm and character, though it is doubtful whether they were as old as their vendors claimed, in spite of their air of being gnarled, windswept veterans. But even those which were quite obviously mass-produced made engaging room plants, and were fair value at the prices they commanded. The finest specimens of all have probably seldom, if ever, reached this country. They rank in Japan as old masters and family heirlooms, and illustrations which I have seen of classic examples show them to be inimitable works of art. There has been much speculation as to how these ancient giants in miniature are produced. The chief factors appear to be infinite patience and artistry in pruning and training the little trees, and giving them just enough soil and nourishment to ensure health with a minimum of growth.

Although I have never bought any of the imported Japanese dwarf trees to grow myself, I have, during the past thirty-odd years, grown a number of trees and shrubs in small pots, rather in the Japanese manner. Fortunately I was able to buy, a good many years ago, a collection of Japanese pots and shallow pans, big, small and quite tiny, and these have been invaluable for my purpose, for I know no other type of pot so good for specimen plants. Their varied and appropriate shapes and pleasant, subdued colours make them ideal.

One of the first shrubs that I dwarfed was a yellow, winter-flowering jasmine. In four or five years I had a pygmy tree, with quite an appreciable trunk, which bristled with short, flower-laden branches. I kept it in the open air except during the winter weeks when it was flowering, and then it made an enchanting room plant. In the end, alas, it died of thirst whilst I was abroad rather longer than usual—six months. In a shallow oval pan 1 ft. long and 2 ins. deep, I have a grove of Maidenhair trees, *Ginkgo biloba*, which I raised from seed in 1938. There are ten of them, ranging from 5 to 18 ins. in height. Originally there were several more, which died. This was fortunate, for with infinite tact it was exactly the right ones which died, leaving the survivors grouped in an irregular composition which would have been most difficult to achieve deliberately and in cold blood. Directly my grove of *Ginkgos* is in full leaf in early summer I bring it into the house, where it remains healthy, happy and enchanting until in September the leaves change to autumn gold, and fall. Then the pan spends the winter and spring in the open air.

In a bowl 1 ft. across I have a plantation of five or six laburnums, six years old from seed, and ranging from 5 to 15 ins. high. My hope is that in the fullness of time they will all burst into a shower of golden blossom. A maple, name unknown, raised from seed which I collected on the western approaches to the

### DWARFING A GIANT.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

Rockies twenty-three years ago is now a foot or so high. Unfortunately, it refuses to flame scarlet in autumn as its parent did in the wild, but its fresh, gold-green leaves are beautiful in summer. There are other pygmies in my collection. A sturdy three-year-old *Viburnum fragrans*, 1 ft. high, and studded with scented blossom at the present moment, is promising, but requires age to give it character. On the other hand, a fifteen-year-old olive-tree, less than 1 ft. high, really does begin to suggest the Mediterranean coast, with its stocky, irregular little trunk and grey-green leaves.

But my most happy and successful experiment in dwarfing has been with a real giant—the Californian

workshops along the forest highway, where they made and sold trays and boxes, etc., of redwood burl. They also sold freshly sawn chunks of natural burl; bun-shaped pieces, 6 ins. to 1 ft. or so across, flat on the sawn side, and an irregular dome of rough natural bark above. Placed in a shallow dish of water, flat side down, these lumps of burl soon sprout with a crop of fresh green redwood fronds. I obtained one of these and "grew" it at home. It remained an amusing and quite attractive object for about a year, and then, having no roots, it died. Meanwhile, it had put ideas

into my head. Why not grow young redwoods—with roots—as dwarfs in pots. I bought several young specimens about 3 ft. high and planted them in the garden. They grew rapidly to 5 and 6 ft., and their trunks spread out at the base, thick and wide, in a most impressive way. I dug them up and put them through a truly barbarous operation. I sawed off their trunks 6 or 9 ins. above ground-level, and pruned back their stout roots mercilessly until I could plant them in 9-in. pots. For a year I kept them in shade under the staging of a cold greenhouse, and watered them copiously. Then they made a mass of fibrous roots, and the sawn-off trunks sprouted thickly with fresh young growth which soon became branches. Later I cut away still more root, and transferred the trees to suitable Japanese pots, in which they have lived for twenty-odd years, or, rather, some of them have. A few I farmed out on friends, and these died of assorted misadventures—central heating, gas-fires, thirst and, in one case, just plain neglect. The two best, which I kept, I have trained and pruned, so that one now suggests an aged yew-tree, with a short thick trunk which spreads out wide at the base, giving an air of immense strength, and flat-spread branches like a cedar. The other, with a rather chunky trunk, has elected to assume a somewhat weeping habit.

Their way of life, their routine, is simple. They spend the summer in full shade in the open. About September they are pruned and trimmed to taste, and brought into the house, where they remain until April. I know few evergreens that stand up to indoor life so well as my redwoods. Given floods of water and an occasional shower bath, either from heaven or a can, they are almost as fresh-looking at the end of their house life as at the beginning. In April they return to the open air, but, first of all, I knock them out of their pots and slice off a good half-inch thickness of matted roots from the base of the pot-ball. I do this with a sharp kitchen knife. Then I put a half-inch of soil at the bottom of each pot before replacing the little trees, and this soil consists of equal parts of loam, peat, sand and spent hops, with a dusting of bone meal. Copious watering all the time is the secret of keeping pot redwoods healthy and happy. You cannot over-water them, but they can soon die of thirst.

One other of my redwoods I must mention. It is on lend-lease to my son. I planted it as an experiment in a round 9-in. dish, an inch deep, and without any drainage hole. The soil: peat, spent hops and very little loam. After four years of this treatment it is the picture of health. Maybe it's an impertinence to compel one of the tallest and most beautiful of all trees to remain a permanent dwarf. But my dwarf giants never resent the indignity by look or deed. They are decorative and a great pleasure, and—the expectation of life of a redwood being a thousand years or so—a lasting pleasure.



THE GIANT DWARFED: ONE OF THE TWO SPECIMENS OF CALIFORNIAN GIANT REDWOOD (*SEQUOIA SEMPERVIRENS*) WHICH MR. ELLIOTT HAS BEEN GROWING IN THE JAPANESE MANNER FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS OR THEREABOUTS. THIS ONE—WHICH IS ABOUT 9 INS. FROM SOIL TO SUMMIT—"HAS ELECTED TO ASSUME A SOMEWHAT WEEPING HABIT."



SUGGESTING "AN AGED YEW-TREE WITH A SHORT THICK TRUNK WHICH SPREADS OUT WIDE AT THE BASE, GIVING AN AIR OF IMMENSE STRENGTH, AND FLAT-SPREAD BRANCHES LIKE A CEDAR": ANOTHER OF MR. ELLIOTT'S EXPERIMENTS IN DWARFING *SEQUOIA SEMPERVIRENS*, "ONE OF THE TALLEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL TREES," WITH AN EXPECTATION OF LIFE OF A THOUSAND YEARS.

Photographs by J. R. Jameson.

redwood, *Sequoia sempervirens*. In 1931 my wife and I motored up the famous Redwood Highway, which is a wide belt running for over 400 miles up the coast of California and Oregon. Those redwoods, 200 and 300 ft. high, and with trunks often 30 ft. in diameter, were indescribably magnificent.

One peculiarity of the redwood, apart from its valuable and imperishable timber, is its trick of developing huge swollen bosses—burls they call them—about the base of the trunk. The wood from these burls is extremely beautiful, and greatly prized for cabinet-making. We stopped at several roadside



# A FIREWORK SCARECROW THAT PROTECTS THE CROPS: THE EXPLOSIVE BIRD AND VERMIN SCARER IN ACTION.



AN EXPLOSIVE SCARECROW THAT FRIGHTENS AWAY BIRDS AND VERMIN: THE METAL AUTOMATIC CROP-PROTECTOR IN ACTION. IT INCORPORATES A LENGTH OF BURNING ROPE, THREE METAL ARMS, AND SOME FIREWORKS, WHICH ARE TOUCHED OFF AT INTERVALS.



AT THE MOMENT OF THE DETONATION: THE AUTOMATIC BIRD-SCARER SHOWING THE ARMS CLATTERING UP AND DOWN.



AN INOFFENSIVE-LOOKING METAL OBJECT WHICH COMES TO LIFE AT REGULAR INTERVALS OVER A PERIOD OF EIGHT OR NINE HOURS: THE EXPLOSIVE SCARECROW.

A BRITISH firework firm has produced a new apparatus which extends the scope of their firework activities beyond Guy Fawkes' Day. This new invention entirely supersedes the familiar scarecrow, with his ragged coat and old hat, that has for so long inspired affection from birds and passers-by alike. The "automatic crop-protector" is put into action by igniting a rope containing detonators which explode at regular intervals of about three-quarters of an hour for eight or nine hours. At each detonation the three metal arms of the apparatus flap up and down, creating a terrific clatter. This noise, combined with the loud report and flash of the explosion, quickly clears the ground of any birds or vermin that may be feeding on the crops. The apparatus costs fifty shillings.



PREPARING THE BIRD-SCARER TO DO ITS USEFUL WORK OF PROTECTING THE CROPS. THE ROPE, WHICH CONTAINS DETONATORS AT REGULAR INTERVALS, BEING IGNITED.



## AN EXPERIMENT IN INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION: THE WAR ORPHANS' VILLAGE.



THE ITALIANS IN THEIR SCHOOLROOM: A LESSON IN PROGRESS IN ONE OF THE HOUSES OF THE INTERNATIONAL VILLAGE FOR WAR ORPHANS, PESTALOZZI.



BRITISH CHILDREN ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR PESTALOZZI IN SEPTEMBER, 1950: THE BISHOP OF FULHAM BLESSING MEMBERS OF THE PARTY BEFORE THEY ENTERED THE AEROPLANE.



FRENCH CHILDREN OUTSIDE THEIR HOUSE: THE GARDENS ROUND THE VARIOUS NATIONAL HOUSES AT PESTALOZZI ARE CULTIVATED BY THE BOYS AND GIRLS.



FINNISH CHILDREN WASHING-UP IN THEIR HOUSE: THE HOUSEHOLD "CHORES" ARE UNDERTAKEN IN TURN BY THE YOUNG INHABITANTS OF EACH CHALET.



GREEK BOYS AND GIRLS OUTSIDE THEIR CHALET: THEY ARE ENGAGED IN THE TASK (UNDERTAKEN IN ROTATION BY THE HOUSES) OF PEELING POTATOES FOR ALL THE VILLAGE.



A GERMAN CHILD DOING HOUSEWORK: THE TASKS ALLOTTED TO EACH CHILD ARE FREQUENTLY CHANGED SO THAT EVERY SIDE OF RUNNING A HOUSE MAY BE LEARNT.



THE AUSTRIAN CHILDREN GATHER ROUND THE "HOUSEMOTHER" FOR A FAIRY-TALE READING—IN THE EVENINGS THE CHILDREN RETURN TO THEIR SEVERAL NATIONAL CHALET.

The International Pestalozzi Children's Village illustrated on this and the following page was founded at Trogen, Switzerland, in 1946, and owes its conception to a young Swiss editor and writer, Walter Corti. War orphans of eight nationalities, including British boys and girls, are educated there. They live in national family groups with "houseparents" and teachers of the same nationality. They maintain their own language, national customs and culture, yet they mix with the children from all the

other countries for communal activities. The village was named after Heinrich Pestalozzi, Swiss humanitarian and teacher, whose 200th anniversary was celebrated in 1946. The British Pestalozzi Children's Village Association was constituted in 1948 to select British children, "houseparents" and teachers for Pestalozzi and to maintain them there. The first party left for the International Village last September. It is hoped later to establish a second Children's Village in Britain.



# A VILLAGE OF MANY RACES—EACH WITH ITS OWN NATIONAL HOUSE.



SHOWING ITS BEAUTIFUL SITUATION 3000 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL: THE INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S VILLAGE OF PESTALOZZI, BUILT BY VOLUNTEERS OF SEVENTEEN NATIONS.



SPLENDIDLY FITTED WITH THE MOST MODERN EQUIPMENT: THE COMMUNAL KITCHEN WHICH SUPPLIES THE HOUSES OF THE EIGHT DIFFERENT NATIONS.



ARRANGING HANDKERCHIEFS PRINTED WITH THE VILLAGE EMBLEM OF A LADYBIRD, FOR DISPLAY IN A SALE: A BUSY GROUP OF CHILDREN AT PESTALOZZI.



LEARNING A CRAFT WHICH APPEALS TO BOYS OF EVERY RACE: AN INTERNATIONAL GROUP DURING A LESSON IN THE ART OF AEROPLANE MODELLING.



A RESULT OF THE MEMORIES OF CRUELTY AND DESTRUCTION WITH WHICH HE WAS TORMENTED: A BURNING CITY DRAWN BY A NINE-YEAR-OLD POLISH BOY.



PROOF OF THE PEACE WHICH PESTALOZZI BROUGHT TO HIS TROUBLED MIND: A PAINTING OF MOUNTAINS AND A FUNICULAR BY THE POLISH BOY WHO FORMERLY DREW BURNING CITIES.

The pioneer educational scheme of the International Children's Village at Pestalozzi is progressing well, and will, it is hoped, fire the imagination of many other peoples, who, earnestly desiring peace, may see a constructive power in international education. The village of wooden chalets, where some 200 war orphans from France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Greece, Poland, Finland and Britain now live, was built in 1946 on a site given by the Commune of Trogen, in the Swiss Canton of Appenzell. Voluntary

contributions defrayed the cost, and over 600 volunteers from seventeen nations helped in the construction. Each national house has "houseparents" of appropriate nationality, and a Swiss teacher acts as village director. The children go to school in the mornings, each nationality studying separately, but they mix in the afternoons for sports, dancing and so forth. An ancient barn serves as the temporary communal centre. All children spend the long vacation annually in their own countries.



# The World of the Cinema.

## FUTURE AND PRESENT.

By ALAN DENT,

IN "Life Begins To-morrow" we dip, like Tennyson, into the future far as human eyes can see, see the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that will be. It is a French scientific excursion, and hardly an exhilarating one, though it gives abundant food for thought.

The method of starting is quite fresh, very French, and wholly beguiling. A young man (played by Jean-Pierre Aumont) is walking on a highway in the direction

remove the complacency from our own as we gaze.

The whole film has been very ingeniously and tellingly worked out by a French woman-director, Mme. Nicole Védres. It comes here crowned with many European awards. The audience at the Cameo-Polytechnic, where I saw it, was rapt and crowded, and

the audience outside waiting for the next showing was huge. The future this film shows is by no means the sort of future I should like to live in. But this does not by any means alter its feasibility, or even its wonderment. And I, for one, came away conscious of an immense mental stimulus and without either depression or despair.

One comes away from "Sunday in August," on the other hand, with the pleasant exhaustion that would follow a day spent with Roman holiday-makers at Ostia. This film at the Academy was made by an Italian director, Luciano Emmer. Two smaller films

from his hand in the same programme indicate that this is a new, striking and very versatile talent. "Sunday in August" everywhere recalls "Bicycle Thieves" in its insistence on the eternal verities in humdrum workaday life.

There are, it would appear, poor tourists to Ostia, and there are, it seems, rich tourists to Ostia. There is no question of the twain never meeting. On the other hand, they kiss and commingle (as the poet said the centuries were wont to do), largely because it is in the nature of poor young Italian girls to creep under the wire-netting of the Pineta (where the rich bathe) and enslave handsome young men who have the air of being English aristocrats on holiday, but turn out in the end to be poor young Italian plumbers from the next street in Rome.

There are numerous other sub-plots. There is an aristocratic sub-plot about two *ménages* so inter-related and so decadent that—with a shrug or, rather, two shrugs—they have given up trying to understand even themselves. There is an even more absorbing sub-plot about a little boy who insists on travelling to Ostia perched on the comfortless cross-bar of his big brother's bicycle. And there is the episode, continuously and delightfully reverted to, of a large, fat, happy poor family who all fall asleep after their open-air spaghetti and wine, and then all wake up to go and do a perfunctory minimum of bathing in the busy blue sea. There is, too, yet another sub-plot of a young policeman whose sweetheart, a housemaid, has got herself into the oldest predicament in the world. They are to be married, but she has meanwhile lost her job and they are meantime without a house. It is extraordinary with what tender, what positively Dickensian affection M. Emmer handles this commonplace romance and makes it urgently lyrical, largely because he has chosen a young couple of players handsome and pretty enough to play Adam and Eve "emparadised in one another's arms."

That M. Emmer is enthralled by art as well as humanity is proved by one of the accompanying films, which shows us some pictures of Goya in close detail, accompanied throughout by Segovia's uncannily brilliant guitar-playing. M. Emmer shows us Goya by letting



"A FRENCH SCIENTIFIC EXCURSION, AND HARDLY AN EXHILARATING ONE, THOUGH IT GIVES ABUNDANT FOOD FOR THOUGHT": "LIFE BEGINS TO-MORROW," IN WHICH MANY NOTABLE FRENCHMEN OF THIS CENTURY ACT THEIR OWN PART ON THE SCREEN. A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING ANDRÉ LABARTHE, SCIENTIST AND JOURNALIST—WHO PLAYS HIMSELF—WITH JEAN-PIERRE AUMONT, WHO IS SHOWN "THE VISION OF THE WORLD, AND ALL THE WONDER THAT WILL BE."

of Paris and vainly trying to "thumb" a lift. Cars innumerable pass and ignore him. Then a helicopter passes overhead and its two passengers decide to descend upon an adjacent field and give the young man the lift he desires. They ask his purpose. The young man is going to Paris for a short holiday and wants to see all the usual sights—Notre Dame, the Catacombs, the Conciergerie, Versailles. But what nonsense!—says one of his new friends. He happens to be a popular scientific writer, André Labarthe, and he will make it his pleasure and privilege to show the young man the future instead of the stale present and the mouldy past.

The youth, being a characteristic youth, is eager for any novel experience; and in consequence—and feeling much more bewilderment than he himself shows—we are rapidly introduced in turn to various celebrated authorities—M. Sartre, M. André Gide, M. Picasso, M. Le Corbusier, and the scientist M. Jean Rostand. The youth, by these distinguished means, is given some inkling of the philosophy of the future, also of its cosmology, its art, its architecture, and its engineering, industry and scientific research. It cannot, of course, be more than an inkling, and in some cases even the inkling is not very helpful. M. Sartre, for example, tells the young man very little more than that, by being out of harmony with the age, he is all the more an essential part of it. Disharmony, it would seem, is an essential part of harmony. So we pass on, sharing the youth's perplexed shrug, to M. Picasso, who is seen fashioning one of his queerest pieces of pottery, and to M. Le Corbusier explaining the importance of sunlight and spaciousness in the construction of flats for the masses.

Perhaps the most tangible of the revelations are those of future science, explained with an almost ferocious intensity by M. Rostand. This authority is clear where the others choose to be cryptic. He is explicit about the nature of hormones and gives some hint of the surprising developments we may expect in this aspect of biological science. He defines the nature of parthenogenesis. He takes up the all-pervading, all-obsessing question of atomic energy and shows persuasively how this really can benefit mankind—as well as destroy it if misused. This part of the film, in fact, gradually develops into a series of remarkable documentaries, some microscopic, some visionary. Its urgency and its clarity take the smile off the young man's face, and simultaneously



A FILM WHICH LEAVES ONE "WITH THE PLEASANT EXHAUSTION THAT WOULD FOLLOW A DAY SPENT WITH ROMAN HOLIDAY-MAKERS AT OSTIA": "SUNDAY IN AUGUST," MADE BY AN ITALIAN DIRECTOR, LUCIANO EMMER, WHO IS "ENTHRALLED BY ART AS WELL AS HUMANITY," A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING ROSETTA (ANNA MEDICI) AND HER FIANCÉ ERCOLE (MARCELLO MASTROIANNI) VISITING A FRIEND IN A WORKHOUSE.

### "WITH BEST WISHES"

A subscription to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is the ideal gift to friends, either at home or abroad, whom we are not able to see frequently, yet desire to keep in touch with.

Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, and include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada £5; Elsewhere abroad £5 5s. (to include the Christmas Number).

his close-up camera pass rapidly up and down each figure or group twice over. The device may be elementary. But the result is intensely illuminating. Only a genius could have thought of a dodge so simple (there is no commentary whatsoever except that of Segovia's passionate plucking). And it is abundantly clear from this, as well as from the sun-baked realistic idyll called "Sunday in August," that M. Emmer has more than a dash of genius in his composition.



PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**THE BEGUM LIAQUAT ALI KHAN.**  
The wife of the Prime Minister of Pakistan. Liaquat Ali Khan. The Begum, who is on a visit to London, was formerly Raana Begum, was married in 1933, and has two sons. She is a highly-educated woman and the leader of all Pakistani women's movements. She held a reception to meet Pakistani ladies in London on January 14.



**MISS FRANCES HOUSLEY.**  
Heroine of an air crash at Philadelphia's International Airport on January 14. The stewardess of a National Airlines *Skymaster*, she lost her life in helping to rescue occupants of the airliner after it had crashed in flames. She led ten people to safety and was burned to death when she returned to the aircraft to rescue other passengers.



**MR. A. BEVAN.**



**MR. H. MARQUAND.**



**DR. H. DALTON.**



**MR. G. ISAACS.**



**MAJOR-GEN. C. L. RUFFNER.**  
Has succeeded Major-General R. B. McClure as commander of the United States 2nd Division in Korea. He was Chief of Staff of X. Corps when it was evacuated from Hungnam. He ordered men of the 2nd Division to shave, a reversal of the instructions given by his predecessor, who ordered beards to be grown as a means of identification at night.



**BRIG.-GEN. JAMES E. BRIGGS.**  
Has succeeded Major-General Emmett O'Donnell as commander of the U.S. Far East Air Forces Bomber Command. He was formerly General O'Donnell's second-in-command and, like him, he is a strong supporter of strategic bombing. General O'Donnell has been recalled to the United States as head of the strategic Fifteenth Air Force at March Field, California.

**MINISTERS CONCERNED IN THE GOVERNMENT CHANGES ANNOUNCED ON JANUARY 17.**

It was announced on January 17 that Mr. Aneurin Bevan (Minister of Health since 1945) was to become Minister of Labour and National Service; Mr. George Isaacs (Minister of Labour and National Service since 1945) was to become Minister of Pensions; Mr. Hilary Marquand (Minister of Pensions since 1948) was to become Minister of Health. It was also announced that certain functions of the Minister of Health were to be transferred to the Minister of Town and Country Planning, Dr. Dalton, who would be given the title of Minister of Local Government and Planning.



**INDIAN MEMBER OF THE "CEASE-FIRE" COMMITTEE ON KOREA: SIR BENEGAL RAU.**

Sir Benegal Rau, leader of the Indian delegation to the United Nations and a member of the "cease-fire" committee on Korea, recently returned to New York after a short trip to Europe during which he saw Mr. Nehru in London and flew to Paris with him. Sir Benegal, who was born in 1889, has had a distinguished career, and is well known on both sides of the Atlantic. Educated at Presidency College, Madras, and King's College, Cambridge, he joined the Indian Civil Service in 1913. He was Deputy High Commissioner for India in London, 1934-38; and Agent-General, afterwards High Commissioner, for India in South Africa, 1938-41. He was Indian Ambassador to the United States, 1948-49.



**CAPT. VYVYAN HOLT.**

British Minister to Korea since 1949, and previously Consul-General, Seoul, South Korea. Captain Holt fell into North Korean hands when the Communists first captured Seoul six months ago. Inquiries from the North Koreans have proved fruitless, and on January 12 it was announced that the Foreign Office had asked the Chinese Communist authorities in Peking if they could give news of him.



**MR. VINCENT HARRIS.**

Awarded the 1951 Royal Gold Medal for Architecture. Born in 1879, he was trained at the Royal Academy School. In 1906 he was among the finalists in the competition for the Central Hall, Westminster; and in 1927 won the competition for the new City Library at Manchester. Buildings designed by him include Surrey County Hall, Kingston.



**CLOSELY ASSOCIATED WITH THE INVENTION OF THE TANK: THE LATE MAJOR-GEN. SIR E. SWINTON.**

Died on January 15, aged eighty-two. He served with distinction in the South African and First World Wars (winning the D.S.O. in 1900); was a military historian of note; and wrote fiction as "Ole-Luk-Oie"; but he is best remembered for his advocacy of the tank, and his part in its invention. He raised the heavy section M.G.C., 1916, and was Chichele Professor of Military History, University of Oxford, 1925-39.



**THE NEWLY-APPOINTED BRITISH CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES IN PEKIN: MR. LIONEL HENRY LAMB.**

The Foreign Office announced on December 30, 1950, that Mr. Lionel Henry Lamb had been appointed British Chargé d'Affaires in Peking, in succession to Mr. J. C. Hutchinson (who received a knighthood in the New Year's Honours list on retirement). Mr. Lamb was expected to take up the appointment in February. He entered H.M. Consular Service in China in 1922, served in Shanghai and Peking, and was formerly H.M. Minister in Nanking.



**WINNER OF THE AMATEUR SQUASH RACKETS CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE FIFTH TIME: NORMAN F. BORRETT.**

Norman Borrett won the Amateur Squash Rackets championship for the fifth consecutive time when he beat the South African, G. Hildick-Smith, 9-6, 10-8, 9-1 in the final at the Lansdowne Club, London, on January 15. Borrett, who is a schoolmaster by profession, is also captain of England's International Hockey side this season.



**CHARGED WITH INFRINGEMENT OF CURRENCY REGULATIONS: MAX INTRATOR ENTERING A PARIS COURT ON JANUARY 16.**

Max Intrator, the forty-three-year-old Berlin-born stateless international financier, who has been mentioned in several British court cases when tourists were fined for buying francs illegally in France, denied in a Paris court on January 16 that he had ever taken part in black market exchange deals in France.



# IN THE WORLD TO-DAY: GREAT AFFAIRS OF CHURCH AND OF STATE.



THE RESTORATION OF KING CANUTE'S CHURCH: ST. ANDREW'S, ASHINGDON, TO WHICH MANY DANISH GIFTS HAVE BEEN PRESENTED, INCLUDING A DANISH FLAG FROM PRINCE GEORG. Prince Georg of Denmark on January 18 visited St. Andrew's Church, Ashington, built by King Canute in 1020, and presented a Danish flag to be kept in it. Many Danish gifts towards its restoration have been received, and Prince Georg accepted from the churchwardens a cheque from the church towards the restoration of the Danish Church in London. At the same time, Mr. R. Jorgensen, on behalf of the Danish Travel Association, presented the model of a Viking ship to St. Andrew's church.



THE HOLY DOOR IN ST. PETER'S FINALLY BRICKED UP: VATICAN WORKMEN ABOUT TO LAY THE FINAL BRICK, THE FIRST HAVING BEEN SYMBOLICALLY LAID BY THE POPE.

On December 24 the Holy Door in St. Peter's was symbolically closed by the Pope. Vatican workmen have now completed the bricking-up of the door, in which are immured official documents, medals and coins relating to the Holy Year; and it will not be reopened until the eve of the next Holy Year



SIPPING THE WINE OF FRIENDSHIP IN INDO-CHINA: GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY, FRENCH HIGH COMMISSIONER AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, AND THE EMPEROR BAO-DAI.

The bold military and political ideas of General de Lattre de Tassigny, French High Commissioner and C-in-C. in Indo-China, are reported to have resulted in more genuinely cordial relations between the French and Viet-Nameese. He is seen here sipping the wine of friendship with the Emperor Bao-Dai.



THE UNITED STATES DELEGATE TO THE UNITED NATIONS CALLING FOR CONDEMNATION OF CHINA AS AN AGGRESSOR: MR. WARREN AUSTIN (CENTRE) WITH SIR GLADWYN JEBB (RIGHT).

The United States is the sole sponsor of a draft resolution tabled in the U.N. political committee for collective action against China. Mr. Warren Austin, on January 18, called on the United Nations to condemn China as an aggressor.



THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE FIRST BISHOP OF BASUTOLAND: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CAPE TOWN PRESENTING THE DEED OF COLLATION TO THE NEW BISHOP.

On July 1, 1950, a hundred years after Moshesh, Paramount Chief of Basutoland, had invited the first Anglican Bishop of Cape Town to send missionaries, Basutoland became a separate diocese. On November 19, the first Bishop of Basutoland, the Rt. Rev. J. A. A. Maund, M.C., was consecrated in Cape Town. His enthronement took place in the small pro-Cathedral Church of St. James at



BEFORE HIS ENTHRONEMENT ON JANUARY 14: THE FIRST BISHOP OF BASUTOLAND, THE RT. REV. J. A. A. MAUND, M.C., KNOCKING ON THE CLOSED WEST DOOR OF HIS CHURCH. Maseru, capital of Basutoland, on January 14. The Archbishop of Cape Town and Metropolitan of the Church of the Province of South Africa, who had flown from Cape Town, presented the Deed of Collation to the new Bishop. Our left-hand photograph shows Chief Letsie of Leribe (representing the Paramount Chief) behind the new Bishop and partly obscured by him.



## HOME NEWS IN PICTURES: A SCRAPBOOK OF ACTIVITIES AND EVENTS.



A GREAT NAVAL BATTLE TO BE RE-ENACTED FOR VISITORS: SCALE-MODEL VESSELS ON PLEASHOLM LAKE, SCARBOROUGH, WHERE THE RIVER PLATE BATTLE WILL BE FOUGHT AGAIN DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS. THE MODELS, EQUIPPED WITH REALISTIC GUNS, ARE POWERED BY ELECTRIC MOTORS.



TEACHING FOREIGN STUDENTS THE TASKS OF CIVIL DEFENCE: STUDENTS FROM ELEVEN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES AT SUNNINGDALE PARK, ASCOT, ATTENDING A LECTURE ON AN ATOM ATTACK ON LONDON. Students from eleven different countries have been studying the most up-to-date information about civil defence at the Civil Defence Staff College, Sunningdale Park, near Ascot. This College, housed in the former home of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, was opened on January 23 last year.



PLOTTING THE DAILY TOTAL OF ACCIDENTS IN "THE BATTLE OF THE STREETS": MISS POPE, AT KENT POLICE H.Q., MAIDSTONE.

A huge map marking the black spots in Kent is used by the road-safety section of the Kent Police Force in their fight against road accidents. Figures which come in from all over the county are plotted on the map. Special investigations are carried out in districts which prove to be "black" areas.



ONE OF THE RARE EXHIBITS AT THE UNITED SERVICES CAGE BIRD ASSOCIATION SHOW IN KENSINGTON: A MELANISTIC GOLDFINCH MULE, OR "BLACK CANARY."

The United Services Cage Bird Association held their second show on January 20 at Kensington Drill Hall, London. Nearly 2000 birds belonging to Service men from many parts of the world were exhibited at the show, which had a big attendance.



AN INTERESTING EXHIBIT: A WHITE JACKDAW AT THE UNITED SERVICES CAGE BIRD ASSOCIATION SHOW. THE SHOW HAD A PARTICULARLY FINE FOREIGN-BIRD SECTION.





A TOY? A TABLE GAME? A ROOM GARDEN? A MUSEUM DIORAMA? NO: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE WORLD'S MOST EXOTIC RACECOURSE, FLAMINGO-HAUNTED HIALEAH, IN FLORIDA, PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE OPENING OF THE JANUARY RACES, WITH ITS TRACK ENCIRCLING A LAKE AND THE WHITELY-GLEAMING FLAMINGO ISLAND IN THE FOREGROUND.

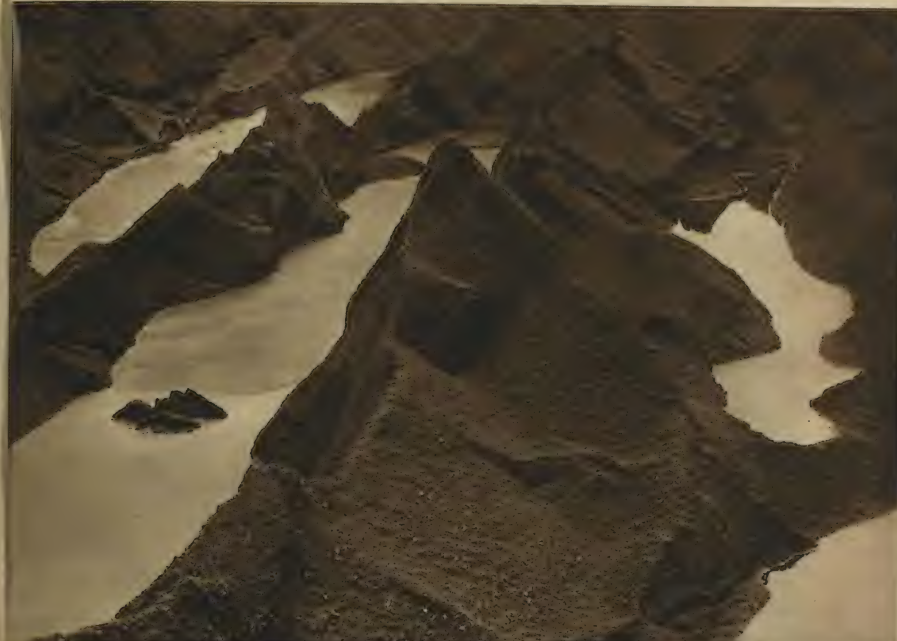


LIKE A MARINE "WALL OF DEATH"; OR A MUNICIPAL MAELSTROM (WITH ITS PRIM DODECAGONAL PROMENADE); OR A VERSION, IN TERMS OF WATER, OF H. G. WELLS'S GRIM STORY "THE CONE"—THE SPILLWAY AT LADYBOWER RESERVOIR IN DERBYSHIRE DISPOSING OF FLOOD-WATER AT THE RATE OF NEARLY 1000 CUBIC FEET PER SECOND.

"AND THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM . . .": THE INNOCENCE OF THE CAMERA'S EYE SEEKS



OPENING TINS OF CANNED WEASELS—NOT THE LAST EXTREMITY OF THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, BUT U.S. ARMY ORDNANCE MEN TAKING THE LIDS OFF HUGE SEALED CONTAINERS, IN WHICH GROUPS OF AMPHIBIOUS VEHICLES (WEASELS) HAVE BEEN STORED AT OPTIMUM CONDITION AND MINIMUM COST SINCE THE END OF WORLD WAR II.



THE HOME OF THE NOTORNIS? THE GRIM GLACIERS OF SPITSBERGEN? THE SAVAGE PEAKS OF THE KUKU NOR AND THE MARCO POLO MOUNTAINS? NONE OF THESE, BUT THE PILES OF COAL AT BATTERSEA POWER STATION, WATERED DOWN AND WAITING, DURING THE CURRENT FUEL CRISIS, FOR CONVERSION INTO VITAL ELECTRIC POWER.

OUT NEW ASPECTS OF THE WORLD AND BRINGS STRANGE VISTAS FROM UNEXPECTED PLACES.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

### FAIRY-TALE FANTASIES FROM FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

By FRANK DAVIS.

articles fitted inside, namely, a mirror, three scent bottles, *carnet de bal*, and miniature knife and spoon. The domed cover is surmounted by a boy who sits cross-legged on a golden cushion and holding a spear downwards; the feet are composed of four elephants with gold

trappings, and the clasp (which can be distinguished on the side on the front of the photograph) is of rubies and rose diamonds. Our rather sad modern world, our puritan traditions, our social conscience and our machine environment are liable to make us look askance at this sort of fairy-tale fantasy. It is wholly out of tune with our way of life, and we are a little tempted at first glance to say that this is the sort of thing which we might expect to find hidden among the extraordinary collection of unrelated objects amid which Miss Gloria Swanson plays out her tragedy in "Sunset Boulevard."

If we persist in that opinion, I submit we fall into error. This, and a thousand other pieces from unpractical dreamland, have much more to them than that—it is really no more absurd than a major enchantment like the Grand Trianon at Versailles, though, to be sure, that is so lovely that it wrings the heart; I place that rose marble building high among the more light-hearted masterpieces of Europe. No doubt it was reprehensible to be light-hearted, and no doubt the Government of the time was incompetent and unwitting of the wrath to come, but it is true that the craftsmen of that period reached a standard in the minor arts which we rarely emulate, and the fact that their taste was what we refer to disparagingly as rococo, merely means that they breathed the air of their generation—and who are we to complain of that? These remarkable attainments were due, partly at least, to the encouragement they received from that very remarkable woman, Madame de Pompadour, who was a much greater person than a mere King's mistress, and whose influence upon the arts—wholly beneficial—is not yet fully recognised here. She was to all intents and purposes Minister of Fine Arts, though not in name, and had she only been curbed by what we should refer to nowadays as hard-hearted Treasury control and compelled to make both ends meet, she could have left a name as a competent administrator, for she had imagination and drive and enthusiasm—nor is it fair to think of her as concerned solely with what the unco' guid would call frivolities. I have especially in mind some noble books, nobly printed, nobly bound and bearing her cipher.

All this is not an apology for the style of a particular generation, but a suggestion that we really cannot expect a goldsmith of 1760 in Paris to work in the style of either the fifteenth or the twentieth centuries—he can do no other than wear the clothes and think the thoughts and live in the climate of opinion of his own times. He must, in short, be judged by his own standards, and these, though different in content from ours, achieved a degree of precise craftsmanship equal to that of any of his predecessors. In the two other

photographs will be seen another piece of later but no less exquisite nonsense—again not to the taste of everyone, possible only in a particular set of circumstances, and made more than a century after Fig. 1. It is an Easter-egg of crystal containing a basket of jewelled flowers made for the Czar's court by Carl Fabergé. Here in nineteenth-century Russia was a workshop administered by a jeweller of genius who was surely in the direct line of succession from the innumerable workers in precious and semi-precious stones of eighteenth-century France. However remote such things may be from the temper of 1950 they are by no means to be despised.



FIG. 1. A PIECE OF EXTRAVAGANT NONSENSE CHARACTERISTIC OF ITS AGE—BEFORE THE DELUGE: A GOLD AND AGATE ÉTUI, MADE IN PARIS, C. 1760.

The body of this *étui* is of greyish-blue agate, and the chased mounts are of gold. It contains a mirror, three scent-bottles, a *carnet de bal*, and a miniature knife and spoon, all mounted in gold, and is described by Frank Davis as a fairy-tale fantasy. [By courtesy of Sotheby's.]

A READER asks for information about the method used by the goldsmiths and silversmiths of eighteenth-century France for marking their wares. To give that in detail would cover a good deal more than one page and would make rather heavy reading. I hope the following will provide an indication of the system, which differs in an important point from that used in England. Louis XIV. instituted a tax on silver in 1672, and, in accordance with the highly inefficient practice of the *ancien régime*, this tax was farmed out. Consequently, the various Farmers-General (*Fermiers-généraux*) were important persons, and each of them had his own stamp. During the eighteenth century four marks were in use. They were:

(1) The maker's mark, which was generally composed of his initials and his device. This mark was stamped on copper and kept at the Cour des Monnaies and at the silversmiths' office, i.e., what we should call Goldsmiths' Hall.

(2) *Le poinçon de charge*—that is, the mark stamped on an unfinished piece by the Farmer-General. Each town had its own mark, always a letter of the alphabet, and the design was modified slightly as and when a new Farmer-General took office.

(3) *Le poinçon de la maison commune*. As soon as the piece had been marked by *le poinçon de charge*, it was taken to the silversmiths' office and was assayed to see if it came up to standard. This mark was changed every year, and consequently fixes the date—i.e., it corresponds to our date letter.

(4) Finally, *le poinçon de décharge*, that is, the mark put on at the Farmer-General's office when the piece was finished as a proof that the tax had been paid. This was a special design altered by each new Farmer-General. During the period from 1703 to 1789 there were nineteen farmers-general and nineteen different *poinçons de décharge*. The names and dates of these officials are a matter of record, and the year of any piece can be checked by reference to the list. Moreover, if the mark noted in (3) above is rubbed or missing, (4) enables the piece to be placed within those years in which he was collecting the tax.

So much for that, and I suppose I ought to illustrate one or two items of domestic silver to show how a dinner-table was furnished. Instead, rather perversely, here in Fig. 1 is a piece of extravagant nonsense which has no place on any dinner-table, but which caught my eye some months ago and still seems to me characteristic of its age—that is, before the deluge. It came up at Sotheby's last October, and I think it is worth describing in some detail. Its gold mounts bear the mark of the Farmer-General Eloi Brichard, which provides it with a date in the neighbourhood of 1760, that is, when our George III. came to the throne, and four years before the death of Madame de Pompadour. The body is greyish-blue agate with very pretty natural moss markings (the maker has used these fortuitous markings to great advantage), and the chased mounts—scrolls, flowers and shells—are of gold. So also are the mounts of the various



FIG. 2. SHOWING ITS APPEARANCE WHEN CLOSED: A CARL FABERGÉ EASTER-EGG OF JEWELLED CRYSTAL MOUNTED ON AN "ICEBERG" OF CRYSTAL ENRICHED WITH DIAMONDS.

The amazing skill which characterised the productions from the famous Carl Fabergé workshops for the Russian Imperial Court, is illustrated by our photographs of an example of the fabulous series of Easter-eggs, in precious and semi-precious materials set with fine jewels, made for the Czar of all the Russias. It is carried out in crystal with a frost-crystal design in diamonds, and opens to display a bouquet of jewelled flowers in a gem-set basket. [By courtesy of Sotheby's.]



FIG. 3. OPEN TO DISPLAY THE BOUQUET OF FLOWERS IN A GEM-SET BASKET WHICH IT CONTAINS: A CARL FABERGÉ EASTER-EGG OF CRYSTAL WITH A FROST-CRYSTAL DESIGN IN DIAMONDS.



# IN THE AIR AND ON THE SEA: THE FIRST R.A.F. JET BOMBER, A NEW U.S. AIR RESCUE BOAT, AND AN AIR CRASH.



(LEFT.) RESEMBLING A RACING CAR: AN A-3 "DROP BOAT," THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN WATER-RESCUE EQUIPMENT WHICH IS CARRIED BY B-29 "SUPERFORTRESSES."

Superfortresses of the U.S. 3rd Rescue Squadron of the Far East Air Forces are equipped with the latest form of water rescue equipment. When an SOS is received the rescue aircraft, with a "drop boat" slung beneath the fuselage, is rushed to the scene. The "drop boat," which is fitted with an 18-h.p. engine and full survival equipment, is then parachuted to the U.S. airmen who have been forced to bale out in the treacherous Sea of Japan.

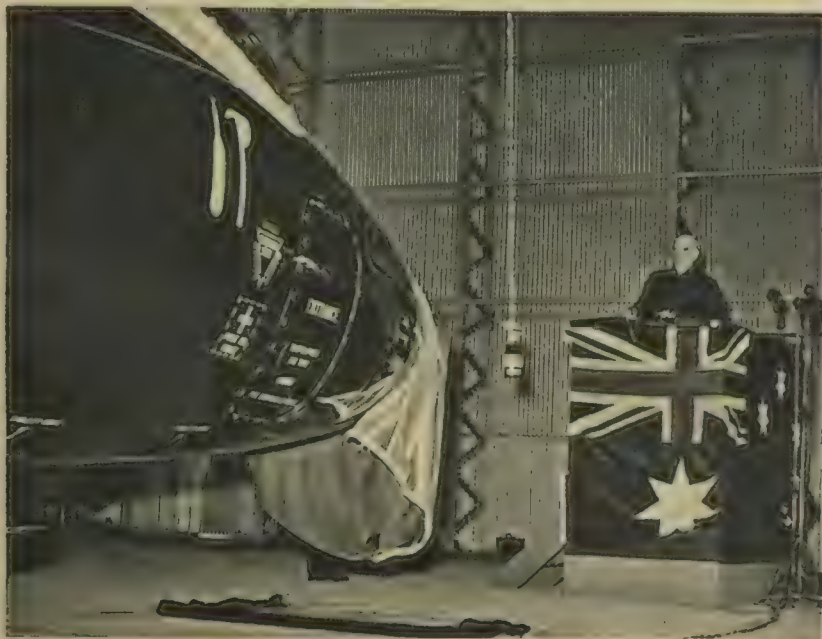


FORMING AN UNUSUAL BULGE BENEATH THE FUSELAGE: A DROP RESCUE BOAT SLUNG BENEATH A B-29 SUPERFORTRESS OF THE U.S. 3RD RESCUE SQUADRON.



THE R.A.F.'S FIRST JET BOMBER, WHICH IS TO GO INTO SQUADRON SERVICE THIS YEAR: THE CANBERRA TWIN-JET BOMBER DESIGNED AND BUILT BY THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY.

On January 19, Mr. R. G. Menzies, the Prime Minister of Australia, named the R.A.F.'s first jet bomber the *Canberra* in a hangar at the famous Battle of Britain airfield at Biggin Hill, Kent. Designed and built by the English Electric Company, the *Canberra* will be going into squadron service with the R.A.F. this year. It is also to be produced in Australia and one is being flown to the United States for tests by the U.S.A.F. It will probably be made later in America.



NAMING THE *CANBERRA* BY BREAKING A BOTTLE OF AUSTRALIAN CHAMPAGNE OVER THE AIRCRAFT'S NOSE: MR. R. G. MENZIES, PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA.

A U.S. AIR CRASH IN WHICH TWELVE PEOPLE LOST THEIR LIVES: A VIEW OF THE NATIONAL AIRLINES SKYMASTER IN FLAMES AT PHILADELPHIA'S INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT ON JANUARY 14.

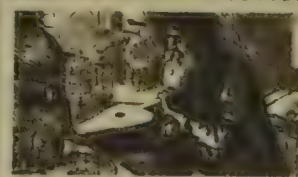
Twelve people were killed on January 14 when a DC4 aircraft of National Airlines overshot a runway at the international airport, Philadelphia, and after running through a fence and falling into a ditch, burst into flames. The air-liner, which had twenty-five occupants, was on a flight from Newark, New Jersey, to Jacksonville, Florida. The stewardess, Miss F. Housley—whose photograph appears on page 141—was the heroine of the disaster. After saving ten people from the burning aircraft she was killed when she returned once more to rescue others. Some of the survivors were seriously injured.







## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### ANIMALS IN DECLINE:—2: WALRUSES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

WALRUSES are found exclusively in the northern hemisphere, and even there, their range is limited. Two species can be distinguished, the Pacific walrus (*Odobenus divergens*) and the Atlantic walrus (*O. rosmarus*), and although in general the two species show a close resemblance, there are numerous minor points of difference. The main points that need be noted are the deeper and broader muzzle in the Pacific walrus, together with the shorter and smaller moustachial bristles. The tusks, too, are longer, and do not diverge outwards to the same extent, in spite of the specific name. Doubtless the two species originally shared a common and more extensive territory, but that must have been a long way back in time. Certainly to-day their territories do not appear to overlap.

The Pacific walrus occupies a comparatively restricted range. Its winter territories include the Arctic coasts of Eastern Asia and north-western North America, including Kamchatka, the Bering Strait and the Pribilof Islands, ranging northwards to the icefields. It does not go farther east than the limits of the Northern Alaska coast, and its distribution westwards along the Arctic coast of North-Eastern Asia

Fossil remains show that the walrus came as far south as Virginia in glacial times, but by the time America was discovered by Europeans their southerly limit was probably in the region of Massachusetts Bay, 400 miles to the north. By the time the colonisation of North America was under way the walrus was located at Sable Island, off Nova Scotia, some 200 miles farther north, but still in a latitude corresponding to the southern half of the Bay of Biscay. To-day it is rarely found south of Hudson Strait, more than 1000 miles farther north. On the European side, the recession has not been so spectacular, but it has taken place. Walruses were formerly common on Bear Island, for example, where in the early seventeenth century ships from England, Denmark, Holland and Spain brought about their extinction by 1617.

There can be little question that the early shrinkage in the range southwards, in both the Atlantic and Pacific, was due to changes in climate, but in the last 400 years it seems to be due entirely to persecution.

accomplished with the lance, making as little disturbance as possible.

To understand the full value of this piece of commonsense conservation more needs to be said about the social aspects of the lives of walruses. Although normally timid, walruses are readily aroused to a belligerence that cannot be without its terrors to a party of hunters operating on ice. There seems to be a strong family instinct and intense devotion to the young, and a killing, especially of a young one, rouses the mother to a fighting fury, in which the rest join. A walrus may weigh a ton to a ton-and-a-half, is capable of moving over land as fast as a man can run, and carries tusks up to a yard long in a well-grown male. It is not perhaps surprising to learn that hunters that have roused a herd are often put to it to keep them at bay, and have to take prompt measures to save their boats from being smashed against the edge of the ice, nor that walruses have been known to spear the sides of a boat with their tusks, or hook them over the gunwales.

Walruses are credited with posting a sentinel to warn the herd of the approach of an enemy, using



CAPABLE OF MOVING OVER LAND AS FAST AS A MAN CAN RUN, AND WITH TUSKS UP TO A YARD LONG: ATLANTIC WALRUSES, *ODOBENUS ROSMARUS*, WHOSE ONLY REAL ENEMIES ARE MAN AND THE KILLER-WHALE. [Photograph by Polar Photos.]

does not appear to be extensive. In the summer, it may move as far south as Saghalin Island, some 1500 miles from the Bering Strait, on the Western Pacific seaboard, but is rarely met with south of Alaska on the eastern seaboard.

The Atlantic walrus ranges relatively farther east and west, from approximately those islands of the Canadian Arctic archipelago lying to the north of Hudson Bay to Spitzbergen, Franz Josef Land and, possibly, the delta of the Lena River, in Northern Siberia, though it is not now found round Southern Greenland or Iceland. To the west, therefore, there is a separation of 1000 miles or more between the two species, with probably a similar distance between their respective ranges in the east.

The distribution southwards in summer of the Atlantic walrus follows the same emphasis on the westward route that we saw in the Pacific walrus. There can be little question that this is related to the influence of the Gulf Stream, and while the walrus was known as a visitor as far south as Massachusetts Bay, it has within the same period been a very rare visitor to the British Isles.

There is sufficient evidence available to show that in the last 400 years the limits of the distribution and the migration of both Atlantic and Pacific walrus have been pushed northwards. These are the more fully documented in the case of the Atlantic walrus, but the causes and the results are similar for the two species.

It is a fairly sure sign of intolerable persecution when an animal changes its habits markedly. This seems to be the case, at least, in the Pacific walrus. It is on record, for example, that formerly walruses on migration used to haul out on the beaches at numerous points on the coast of Alaska. Now, although they pass near this same coast, they keep well offshore and haul out on the ice-floes. In fact, this leads to a more wasteful slaughter, for, when they are hunted on the ice, the carcasses often slip into the water and are lost, and in one case over 1000 carcasses, slaughtered in this way by Eskimos, were subsequently washed ashore, unfit for use.

There is little point in detailing the history of the walrus trade, for the meat, hides, oil and ivory, by Eskimos as well as by Europeans and the white hunters of North America. It is the usual story of wasteful killing when the harvest seemed inexhaustible, but in this case the market demands decreased sufficiently early that there is now no immediate prospect of extermination of the animal hunted. Moreover, protective measures have been instituted, particularly by the Government of Canada. It cannot be overlooked that to the Eskimo walruses are an important source of supply, though their methods of killing may at times be wasteful. It is, however, interesting to know that an Eskimo community on the Siberian coast have encouraged the walruses to return to their former hauling grounds. This is done by leaving them in peace until the need to kill arises, when this is

a loud, whistling bellow. If this be so it connotes a fair degree of social integration borne out by their methods in attack. On the other hand, it is at variance with their known behaviour in face of a non-human enemy. Although Polar bears will occasionally take a young one, the only real enemy of the walrus, other than man, is the killer-whale. One observer saw a mass of walrus hauling out on the ice to escape some killer-whales. In their panic they piled on each other, ultimately leaving 200 of their number dead, smothered by the rest.

It would perhaps be wholly wrong to speak of walruses without mentioning more of the tusks. These are probably as much enormities as those of elephants, sabre-toothed tigers, and the like. Nevertheless, the animals make good use of what they have, enormity or no. Apart from digging the clams out of mud in the shallows, which with sea-snails form their main food, they are used as grapnels for hauling out on the ice. Having got a grip on the ice with the tusks, a further heave brings the fore-flippers up and the job is half-done. They also use the tusks for hauling themselves along on the ice. As weapons of offence or defence they have considerable purpose, as well as in fights between bulls in the breeding season. In other words, though these gigantic canine teeth may be evidence of something having run amok in the development of the species, their possessors have not neglected the opportunities they afford.



# A SHAREHOLDERS' MEETING, WITH A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD TREASURER: A CHILDREN'S COMPANY WHICH PAYS 100 PER CENT.



(ABOVE.) PRESENTING THE BALANCE SHEET: ANNE ROBINSON, THE TREASURER, WHO RECOMMENDED A DIVIDEND OF 100 PER CENT.; WITH (L. TO R.) DOREEN ENGLAND (SECRETARY); JIM SHAWCROFT (CHAIRMAN); COLIN HERRICK (DIRECTOR), AND JOAN DANIELS (DIRECTOR).

*Continued.*  
pounds of honey to sell it becomes difficult to sell it to parents and local shops. So what we have done this year is to appoint selling agents at Scunthorpe and Chesterfield." She added that the company was now sure of being able to sell every jar of honey it could produce. Fourteen-year-old Doreen England has been secretary to the company for the last two years and when she leaves school will hand over her duties to Joan Daniels. Colin Herrick, a director of the company, is a skilled bee-keeper and trains the younger members of the company. The Bee-keeping Company has one drawback—it does not give the children any experience of industrial relations. The company's workers never strike, and though they may sting the directors—they only do it once. They recruit their own labour and deal somewhat drastically with the work-shy, and all they ask is to be housed and fed through the winter months. A golden introduction to the chill world of industry!



(ABOVE.) SHOWING MR. HOUGHTON (LEFT CENTRE; WEARING GLASSES), WHO FORMED THE BEE-KEEPING COMPANY TEN YEARS AGO TO TEACH THE CHILDREN HOW A COMPANY IS RUN: SHAREHOLDERS LISTENING TO THE REPORT ON THE YEAR'S TRADING.

TEN years ago Mr. Houghton formed the Market Rasen Modern School Bee-keeping Company with the object of teaching his pupils how a company is run. The company issued 200 ls. shares to the children and bought bees and hives with the money. The venture has prospered and the shareholders have received dividends ranging from 50 to 200 per cent. every year since the formation of the company. In addition, the company's hives, equipment and stocks of honey jars are now worth over £100. At the annual meeting of the shareholders recently, the treasurer, twelve-year-old Anne Robinson, who has been treasurer for two years, in announcing a dividend of 100 per cent., as compared with 125 per cent. in 1949 and 175 per cent. in 1948, said: "This has been a terribly difficult year for our bees. It has rained nearly every day and the bees have had to make honey in the rain. No bee likes doing that." Anne, who is a farmer's daughter and hopes to be a veterinary surgeon, has obviously studied the methods of modern politicians in blaming the weather for a fall in production; although she also believes in satisfying the home market and selling surpluses abroad. "We have noticed," she said, "that in a year when we have many hundreds of

*(Continued above, right.)*



THE SHAREHOLDERS DRAW THEIR DIVIDENDS: (FROM L. TO R.) RICHARD HANSARD COUNTING HIS MONEY; ROSALIND SMITH RECEIVING HER DIVIDEND; ALMA BOURNE SIGNING THE RECEIPT BOOK; MICHAEL BROWN AND MURIEL GIBBONS WAITING THEIR TURN.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

NOVELS may be ranged in two opposing camps on different systems innumerable, from the objective to the wholly private. It is a matter of convenience, not a guide to value; but it gives one somewhere to start. Here, I shall draw my line between the strange and the familiar. There are some novelists whose world, or mode of feeling, "comes natural," while with the rest one seems to be in alien hands, in some foreign country of the mind. I rather think that all the greatest are in Group One, but so are many of the dulllest and the most ephemeral; while with Group Two, the sense of novelty and exploration may be deeply exciting. Both taste and fashion have a say in which one ranks highest, and current fashions are distinctly xenophil. This is a grave temptation to the critic, and inspires a great deal of fluff. For it is one thing to be thrilled by strangeness, and quite another to explain and judge it.

So one should never give oneself a false air of confidence. To me at least "The Lighted Cities," by Ernest Frost (John Lehmann; 10s. 6d.), is partly foreign in tone. It is a study, gripping and intense, of the relationships within a small knot of people, and somehow adds up to a view of life. The central figure is an old man named Rainham: an ex-musician crippled by arthritis, racked, desolate, but of complete integrity. Personal love has been his god; when fame was possible, he did not think it worth while. The idol of his happy years is dead long ago; his modest musical career is dead, and he is dying in turn, of the desertion of a young protégé. Yet no contempt or misery can change his standards, or deflect his course. And all the other characters are judged, or placed, by their regard for this politely maudlin, bewildered old martyr. The protégé who has been turned against him is a moral zero, genius and nothing else; but in the cause and mock of his desolation, there is real wickedness. Amanis is a power-addict, a sadistic battener on those who create and feel; he is the moral opposite of Rainham. But his wife is on Rainham's side. She could have loved the old man, in another world; she does not love Bernard Austel, who wants to "rescue" her, and sees elopement as her moral duty. Bernard is too young, it couldn't last; and it is not quite genuine. He is pursuing her as an inspiration and a theme for knight-errantry, not for herself. Yet in a sense they are akin, for Bernard, too, is on the right side.

Because the accent of the book is strange, its drift eluded me. Passion, at any rate, is not the thing. On every level it destroys, as on the tragic level it destroys Rainham, forcing him step by step to the supreme Nothingness. It is a "desert of the mind," from which the heart redeems us—into what, I don't know. But Rainham's desert is conveyed superbly. London, a jeering wilderness by day, or frozen in the moon, is like an image of his own solitude; in youth and Florence, he had a dream of heaven—and the dream has turned inside out. This frightful, visionary change in sameness haunts one the more, if one is half-uncertain of the real meaning.

Is it perverse to rank Georges Simenon among the aliens? We have adopted him so thoroughly; we know him from A to Z. The Christmas issue of this paper had a long-short Simenon, "The Seven Crosses"; and now he has appeared again, with "Maigret on Holiday" (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 9s. 6d.). I don't deny that the return to Maigret is like old times—but old times in a foreign and rather bleak resort. The writer's native air is futility. His favoured characters are mindless and uncontrolled. They drive around, on currents of circumstance or impulse, and precipitate a great deal of drama; but it is the dramatic fury of a gale, which doesn't really mean anything. I used to think that Maigret was a little solidier, but he is merely anchored. Without that artificial stay, he would be all abroad.

As we can see here, in "A Summer Holiday," At Les Sables d'Olonne, he is supposed to be enjoying himself; and Mme. Maigret would know the drill. But now she is in hospital, and he is flummoxed. Oh the blankness of a free time! and the relief of lighting on a murderer! And what is more, a really cool hand; a well-bred influential murderer, who calmly invites his interest. This is a Maigret duel, conducted almost openly, and without rancour. Whereas the other story, "To Any Lengths," is about routine crime, and has no chivalry but Maigret's feeling for a helpless old scarecrow. A fortune-teller has been stabbed, in queer circumstances; and this old man was in the kitchen with the door locked. Though wholly meek, he can't or won't explain anything, and Maigret feels it is a shame to badger him. This is more like the standard thriller, if you boil it down—yet what a gulf! And Maigret is appealing, in his bleak way. And then the local quality, the sense of place, is infallible. I am inclined to take it all back.

"To the Victors the Spoils," by Colin MacInnes (MacGibbon and Kee; 12s. 6d.), is fiction only in technique; the substance is a true record. It is about the final stages of the war in Europe, but has no fighting. For the narrator is in Field Security; and Field Security is "out of harm's way." In fact, it seems to be a total loss. How does one sift a group of refugees, or check an unsupported narrative, or spot an agent? These men are simply amateurs in uniform. They can't do much good; but on the heels of conquest, they can have a good war.

We follow them across the frontiers, into Germany—and it is all quite true; it has the fascination of what really happened. The men are flesh and blood, the dialogue is real speech. The tone, though disillusioned, is not cynical; one might in fact complain that it is too serious, and that the composition would be smoother if the writer had been less earnest. But that, in such a live and brilliant picture of events, is quite a small flaw.

"Venus, The Lonely Goddess," by John Erskine (Wingate; 7s. 6d.), is a mouthful of air. We are among the gods, and at the siege of Troy—as in the writer's great success of long ago. Venus has just discovered earth, and is intensely thrilled. Perhaps down there her noble theories of love will find an echo; on Olympus they have no market.

She is being prayed to by a Trojan girl who loves Achilles, and she goes down to see the fun. But it is not fun, it is all blood and murder. Men are quite hopeless; nobody in earth or heaven has the right idea. . . . A little narrative, to make a *soufflé* of talk and argument. Light, elegant—but not so novel as it was twenty years ago.—K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## THE TONGUE IS MIGHTIER THAN THE PEN.

IN the early 'thirties I used, if I had time to spare at lunch-time, to drop into the Law Courts for half-an-hour. And there one afternoon I struck the pure gold of advocacy. It was a libel action in which the plaintiff complained that he had been made a fool of by a newspaper advertisement. The plaintiff had an unusual-sounding name and Sir Patrick Hastings was for the defence. Whether or not the jury came to the conclusion that the plaintiff had been made to look a fool by the original advertisement, I cannot remember. I think they gave him a farthing damages. But there is no doubt at all that

had I been the plaintiff I should have left the court feeling an infinitely greater fool than I ever was when I had the folly to begin the action. It was a brilliant performance. Sir Patrick took the wretched man's name and played with it as a cat with a mouse. The whole range of intonation of that wonderful actor's voice was brought into play until at each mention of that name—an honourable Irish squireen—the jury leant forward so as not to miss a modulation, we, the onlookers, sobbed on each other's shoulders, and even the Judge had difficulty in keeping a straight face. Since that performance (and not even Mr. Leslie Henson has given me greater pleasure) I have been something of a fan of Sir Patrick's—often thanking my lucky stars that I was not the unhappy creature who by chance or his own folly found himself confronting him. And this is why, I think, I can permit myself a slight feeling of disappointment at his latest book, "Famous and Infamous Cases" (Heinemann; 15s.). Sir Patrick has selected a fascinating range of historical trials, starting with that of Thomas de Berkeley for the murder of Edward II.—surely the most brutal Royal murder with the exception of that which installed the Karageorgevich dynasty on the uneasy throne of Serbia—down to the trial of the war criminals at Nuremberg. I read them with absorbed interest. For he would be a very dull creature who did not react to the strange case of Lord Altham, the absurd case of the Tichborne claimant, or the human tragedy of the Tranby Croft Baccarat Scandal. And yet, while I must recommend you to read the book, I still feel this nagging sense of dissatisfaction. Would it be an impertinence to apply to Sir Patrick that exasperating judgment of one's schoolmasters: "Can do better if he tries"? For although Sir Patrick makes some unworthy sneers at the value of history in the vein of the late Henry Ford, and although he professedly sets out to let the day-to-day activities of our predecessors come to life through the records of the courts, that is precisely what they do not do. I think that is it. I think my disappointment derives from a certain lack of humanity in Sir Patrick's presentation of his cases. And sometimes the writing is downright dull. It might almost be the work of a certain type of scientist.

Not so "Views of Attica," by Rex Warner (John Lehmann; 15s.). It is some time since a book—at once so scholarly and so warmly human—has pleased me more. Mr. Warner is a poet and of distinction. He arrived in Greece shortly after the war, casually and almost by accident, as Director of the British Council's British Institute in Athens—one of the more successful of that much maligned body's ventures. Like so many others he fell utterly in love with Greece, and particularly Attica. I might almost say "hopelessly." For I have never met a convinced Philhellene who could be temperate about his affection. The spell is too strong, the attraction too great for him ever again to be wholly happy anywhere else. Of books on travel there is apparently no end. But this is different. This is a lover's ode to his mistress. He recalls, with an intensity which conveys itself to the reader, his moments of rapture. He smiles in indulgent reminiscence over the lady's many faults—her incurable and passionate addiction to disruptive politics, for instance. Mr. Warner does not take us far afield from Athens (I suspect him of having caught the ancient Athenian infection, the belief that there is no necessity for a civilised man to do so). He is entirely subjective. That is to say, he presents his beloved Attica in the guise of the incidents grave and gay (but mostly the latter) which occurred to him. And if the text were not so delightful, the photographs alone—the majority by John Lehmann—would be worth the money.

I suppose by now Mr. Alistair Dunnnett (whom I haven't seen for many years) must—horrid thought—be, like me, becoming middle-aged. There is, however, nothing other than the youthful in the gay adventure he describes in "Quest by Canoe—Glasgow to Skye" (Bell; 12s. 6d.). In the 'thirties, when all the world to Mr. Dunnnett was young, two young men—of whom Mr. Dunnnett was one—set off on a holiday. They were anxious to put behind them the financial and physical strain of one of those ventures which every young man should attempt—and learn from. They had started a paper, imbued with Scottish nationalist enthusiasm, for the patriotic children of Scotland. It failed. So they decided to work the failure out of their systems, and in two single-seater canvas canoes they set off to make an incredible journey over the seas to Skye. I say "incredible" because they braved hardships and dangers as great as any faced by pioneers in proportionately larger craft over greater distances—their greatest moment of pride being when they made a long crossing of the open Atlantic at a time when the fishing fleet of the islanders remained storm-bound in port. But this is more than the story of two hearty and adventurous young men. Mr. Dunnnett has much to say on the problems of the Highlands and islands, and his descriptions of their history and customs show that he has recaptured much of the gusto of nearly twenty years ago—if indeed he ever lost it.

I have left myself too little space to do more than mention two other travel books—both excellent in their own way. One is Mr. Cecil Roberts' "And So To Rome" (Hodder; 15s.)—but, after all, need one say more than that it is up to Mr. Roberts' usual standard, and a very high one that is? The other is "My Travel's History," by Roderic Cameron (Hamish Hamilton; 21s.). This is a thoroughly pleasing book, for Mr. Cameron, unlike Sir Patrick Hastings, does not scorn history, and tells the story of his travels from Egypt to Australia with urbanity, culture and zest.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

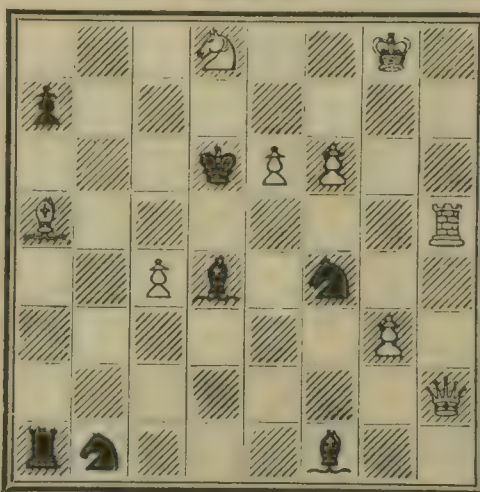
## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE composer of our problem this week has just entered on his eighty-sixth year, and the two masters responsible for the sparkling game which follows were already famous in the international arena before the First World War. Such feats by veterans remind us how satisfyingly prowess at chess can continue to develop until well past middle age—what a contrast with more physical pursuits such as, for instance, boxing, where it is hard to realise that ex-champion Joe Louis, making such pathetic attempts to return to the arena, is not yet thirty-seven years old?

Original problem, specially contributed by George J. Hicks, Malvern.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Find the move by White, which forces mate on the following move, against any Black defence. (Solution—don't peep!—at the foot of this article.) The key is a spectacular one which makes pretty full use of the board.

This bright game, which becomes a King's Gambit, was played recently in a tournament at the Yugoslavian resort of Bled.

Kostich.	Tartakover.	Kostich.	Tartakover.
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P-K4	Kt-QB3	8. P×B	Kt-K2
2. Kt-QB3	P-K4	9. P×P	Kt(B3)×P
3. B-B4	Kt-B3	10. P-Q4	B-Kt5ch
4. P-Q3	B-B4	11. P-B3	Kt×P
5. P-B4	P-Q3	12. P×Kt	B×Pch
6. Kt-B3	B-K3	13. B-Q2	B×R
7. Kt-Q5	B×Kt	14. Q×B	

The smoke of battle having cleared somewhat, we find White with two bishops against a rook and two pawns. The possessor of the bishops would normally have the better of such a bargain; here that is unquestionably so, for whereas White's pieces are actively, Black's are very badly, posted—in fact, hampered by his own extra pawns.

15. B-Q3	14. P-Q4	20. Q-Kt4	Kt-B3
16. Castles	Q-Q2	21. Q-R4	QR-Kt1
17. Q-Kt1	P-KR3	22. B-QKt5	P-B3
18. Kt-R4	Castles (Q)	23. B×Kt	P×B
19. Kt-B5	Q-K3	24. Kt-Q6!	
	K-Kt1		

Black resigns. In face of the threatened 25. Q-Kt4ch and 26. Q-Kt7 mate, he can try only 24. . . . P×Kt, after which the reply, 25. Q×BP leaves him without resource against 26. R-Ktch.

## Solution to the problem:

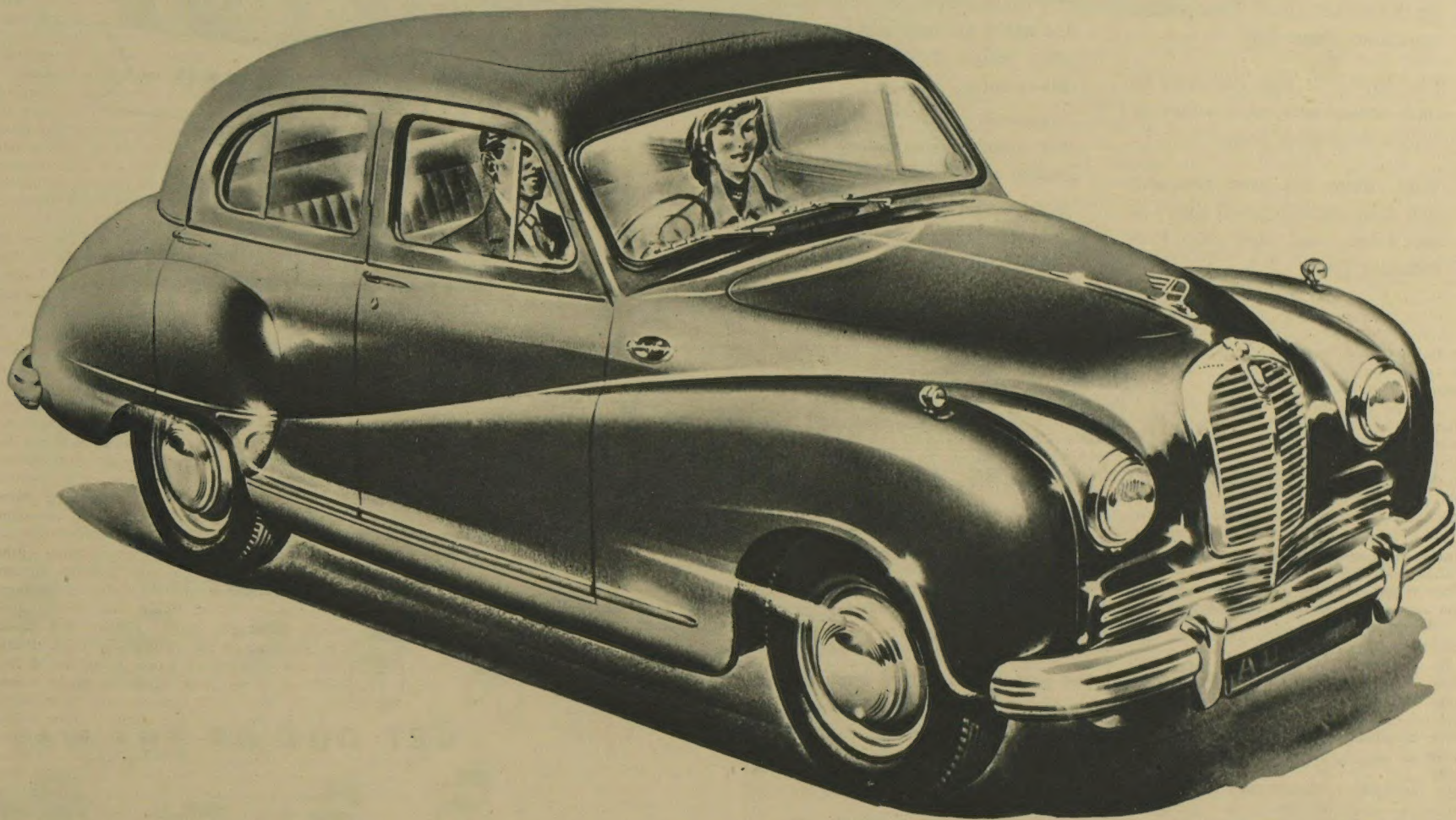
1. Q-QKt2, threatening 2. Q-Kt8 mate. (I said the problem made good use of the board!). If 1. . . . B×Q; 2. P-B5. If 1. . . . Kt×P or . . . Kt-Q4; 2. R-Q5. If 1. . . . Kt×R; 2. Q×B. If 1. . . . B×P(B6); 2. Q-Kt4. If 1. . . . B-Kt3; 2. Q-K5.

Note the artistic way, common to chess problems, in which each of these moves by Black, averting one mate, allows another.



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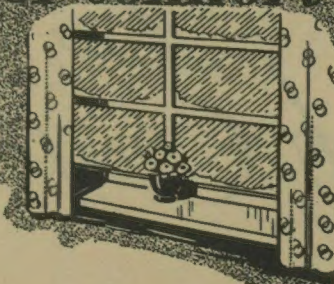


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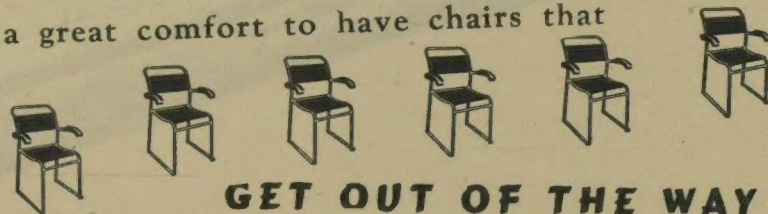


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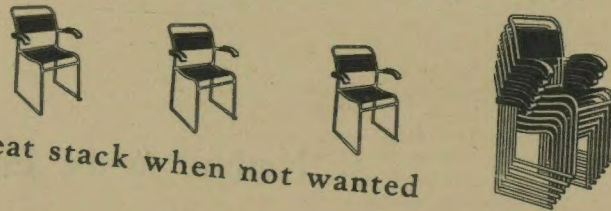
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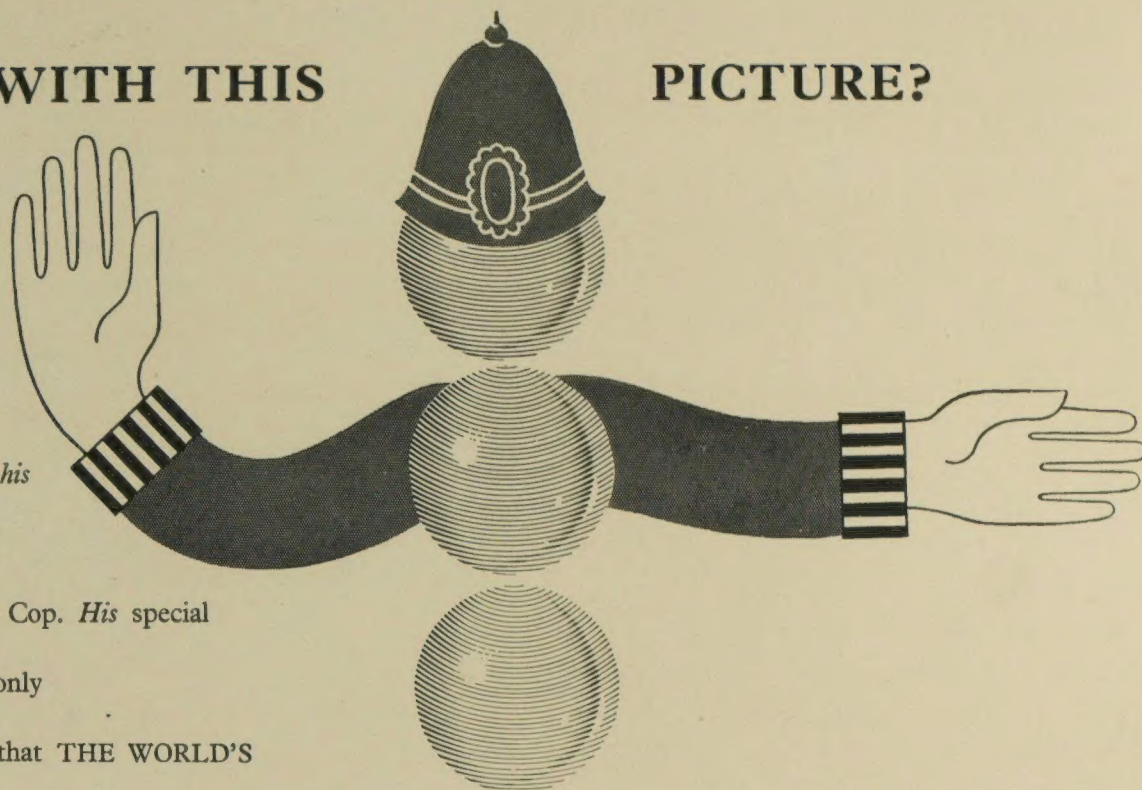
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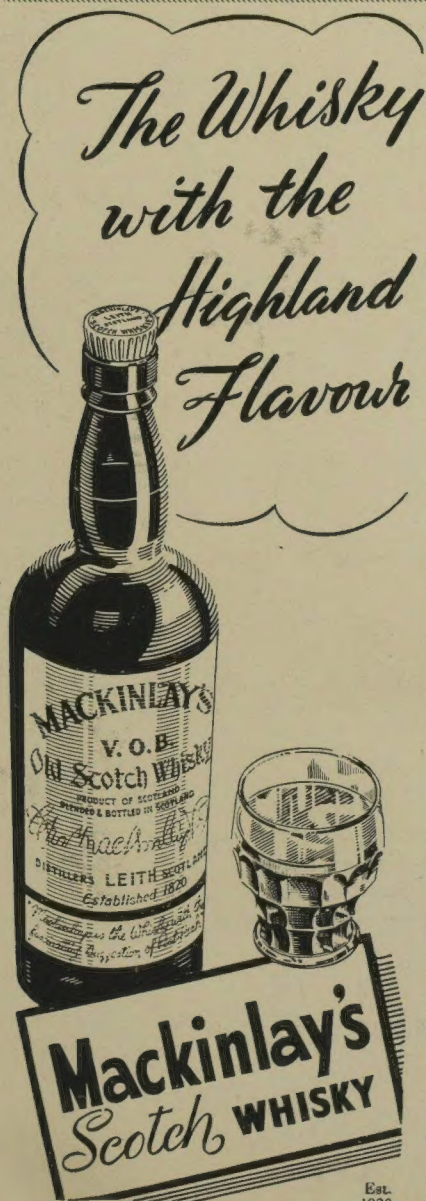
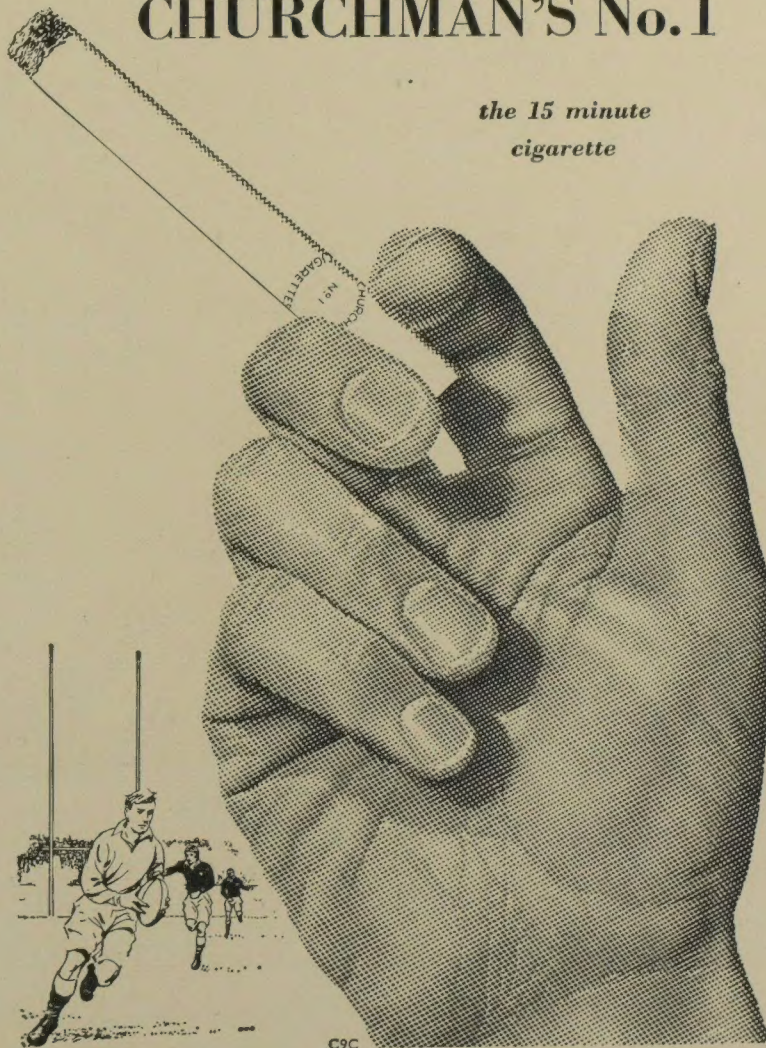
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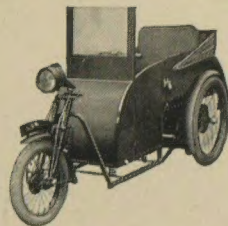
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